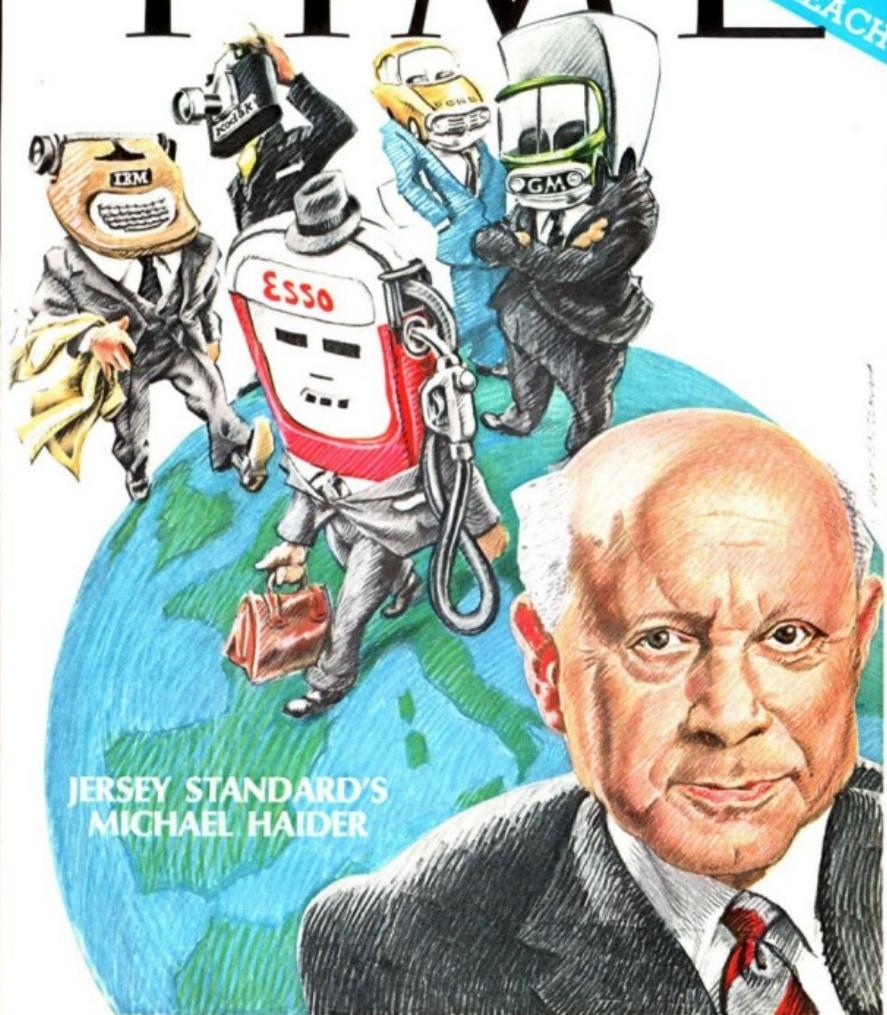


FIFTY CENTS *

DECEMBER 29, 1967

TIME

U.S. INDUSTRY'S GLOBAL REACH
THE YEAR IN BUSINESS



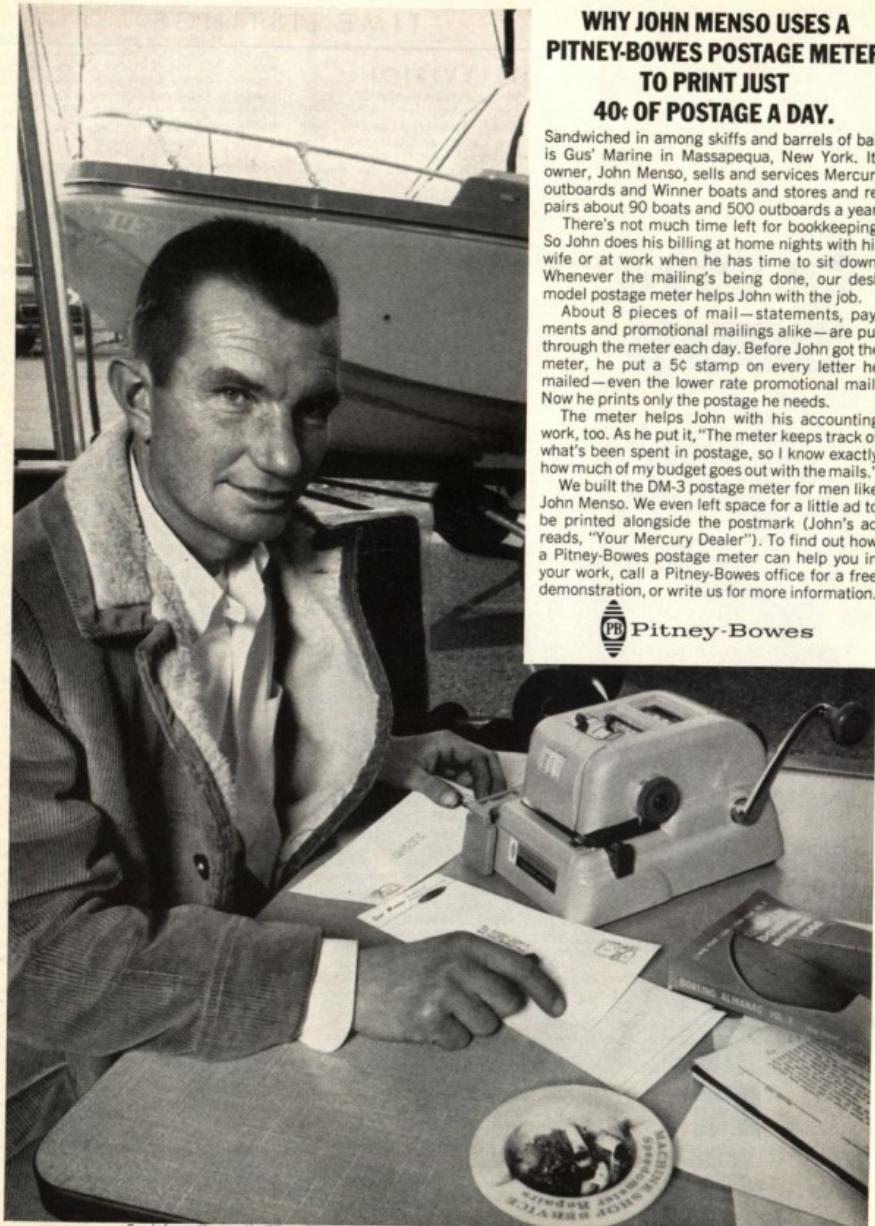
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MICHAEL HAIDER



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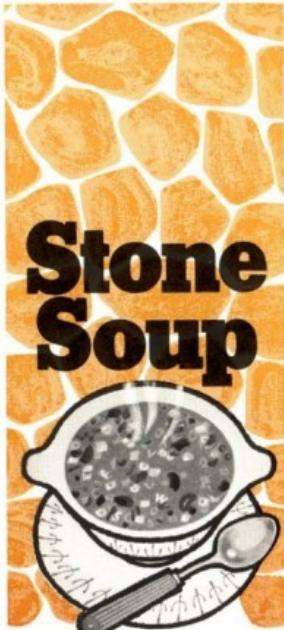
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Folklore tells of the beggar woman who, when denied food by the townspeople, made soup by boiling a stone in water. As the villagers watched in awe, she stirred it and commented from time to time.

Like how much better it would be with a carrot. Which someone promptly fetched for her. Then, perhaps, an onion. So someone gave an onion.

Thus it continued until she had a potful of vegetables. When at last it was done and everyone marveled that such a delicious soup could be made from a stone, she remarked philosophically, "It's all in knowing how to do it."

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, December 27

THE KRAFT MUSIC HALL (NBC, 9-10 p.m.), "Woody Allen Looks at 1967" with a satiric eye, calling on Conservative William F. Buckley Jr. for comment, Aretha Franklin and Liza Minnelli for musical assistance.

THE JONATHAN WINTERS SHOW (CBS, 10-11 p.m.), Winters—in a host of guises—welcomes Red Skelton, Barbara Eden and the Doors to the premiere of his weekly comedy-variety series.

Thursday, December 28

YEAR OUT, YEAR IN (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). ABC correspondents led by Howard K. Smith review the events behind 1967's headlines—the Viet Nam war, the six-day Arab-Israeli war, civil rights riots, devaluation of the pound, turmoil in Red China—and try to predict what will make news in 1968.

Friday, December 29

BELL TELEPHONE HOUR (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Honoring Cellist Pablo Casals on his 91st birthday, "Casals at Marlboro" catches the master at last summer's Marlboro Festival in Vermont. Films of his performance, and talks with such colleagues as Pianist Rudolf Serkin and Violinists Alexander Schneider and Jaime Laredo.

Saturday, December 30

ABC SPORTS' WINTER AND SUMMER OLYMPICS PREVIEW (ABC, 2-2:15 p.m.). Sportscaster Chris Schenkel discusses coverage of the Tenth Winter Olympics (Feb. 6-18) from Grenoble, France, and the Summer Olympics (Oct. 12-27) from Mexico City.

GATOR BOWL (ABC, 2:15-5 p.m.). Penn State meets Florida State in Jacksonville. HOCKEY GAME OF THE WEEK (CBS, 4:15 p.m., to conclusion). A chance to see two of the league's expansion teams, with the Philadelphia Flyers v. the Los Angeles Kings at Los Angeles.

43rd ANNUAL SHRINE EAST-WEST FOOTBALL GAME (NBC, 4:30 p.m., to conclusion). Oldest of the college all-star football contests, from San Francisco.

THE JACKIE GLEASON SHOW (CBS, 7:30-8 p.m.). Frank Fontaine returns for a guest stint as Crazy Guggenheim. Among Gleason's other guests: Louis Armstrong, Kate Smith, Milton Berle.

KING ORANGE JAMBOREE PARADE (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Highlights of the 33rd annual Orange Bowl Festival, live from Miami, showing the parade of floats, girls and bands with comment by Raymond Burr and Anita Bryant.

Sunday, December 31

DISCOVERY '67 (ABC, 11:30 a.m., to noon). "Peace Corps" takes a look at the preparations for Far Eastern service at the Peace Corps training center in Hawaii; lessons in everything from bathing in a sarong to paddling a Malaysian canoe.

MEET THE PRESS (NBC, 1:10-3 p.m.). New York City Mayor John Lindsay is the guest.

ZARETHAN (NBC, 1:30-2 p.m.). A trip to the excavations in the Jordan River Valley, where archaeologists think they may find the ancient city of Zarethan, the 12th

century B.C. site of bronze casting for Solomon's Temple. Excavation Director Dr. James B. Pritchard discusses why his digging may give the world a better understanding of Biblical history.

Monday, January 1

COTTON BOWL (CBS, 1:45 p.m., to conclusion). Alabama v. Texas A. & M. at Dallas.

SUGAR BOWL (NBC, 1:45 p.m., to conclusion). Louisiana State v. Wyoming at New Orleans.

ROSE BOWL (NBC, 4:45 p.m., to conclusion). Southern California v. Indiana at Pasadena.

ORANGE BOWL (NBC, 7:45 p.m., to conclusion). Oklahoma v. Tennessee at Miami.

THE CAROL BURNETT SHOW (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Lynn Redgrave and Mike Douglas are Carol's first guests for 1968.

Tuesday, January 2

CBS NEWS CORRESPONDENTS REPORT (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Eric Sevareid moderates a discussion among CBS foreign correspondents on "America and the World," Part I of a two-part year-end report.

THEATER

On Broadway

SPOFFORD. Playwright-Director Herman Shumlin has performed an autopsy on Peter DeVries' novel *Reuben, Reuben*. Melvyn Douglas gives a cunningly ingratiating performance as a retired Connecticut Yankee chicken farmer who finds New York commuters the bane and boon of his existence. The melancholy fact remains that like an obituary an adaptation of a novel to the stage says good things of the dead without restoring them to life.

THE SHOW-OFF is George Kelly's comedy of 1924, but it is datelessly entertaining. Its hero (Clayton Corzette) is a braying, backslapping braggart with the laugh of a hyena and the grandiloquent transparency of a born liar. The actress who commands the stage in this APA revival is Helen Hayes in her best role since Queen Victoria.

HOW NOW, DOW JONES puts a musical clinker into Broadway's Christmas stocking. Set in the golden canyons of Wall Street, the libretto manages an occasional up-tick of humor about stocks, bonds and mutual funds, but in general the proceedings are as cheery as Black Friday.

PANTAGLIEZE. The APA Repertory Company mounts a stylistically rich production of the Belgian playwright Michel de Ghelderode's grotesque historical farce. From the cornucopia of his imagination comes spilling forth Pantaglize (Ellis Rabb), a Chaplinesque figure who, equipped with only an umbrella, a silly expression and an innocent greeting, manages to start a revolution.

EVERYTHING IN THE GARDEN. Edward Albee transfers a bleak comedy by the late Giles Cooper from England to U.S. suburbia. Barry Nelson and Barbara Bel Geddes play a couple who can't make ends meet until she finds a career in the world's oldest profession.

ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, or is it Guildencrantz and Rosencrantz, are Shakespeare's Twelfth and Tweedledee and Tweedle-

* All times E.S.T.

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dum and Tom Stoppard's hapless heroes. Buffeted about in the maelstrom of emotions and events at Elsinore, they are pulled out of their niches to do they know not what, nor to what purpose. Actors John Wood, Brian Murray and Paul Hecht respond like finely tuned instruments to Stoppard's incisive prose and Derek Goldby's insightful direction.

Off Broadway

IPHIGENIA IN AULIS. Euripides examines the limits to which a man's blind ambition can push him in the appalling story of Agamemnon's sacrifice of his own daughter for the sake of military victory. As a wronged wife and wounded mother, Irene Papas is a vessel of chained intensity.

THE TRIALS OF BROTHER JERO AND THE STRONG BREED. In this double bill introducing his work to the U.S., Nigerian Playwright Wole Soyinka proves himself to be both a satirist and a mythopoet, blending modern mockery and irony with a residual reverence for the African past, bringing his heroes out of tribal folklore to convincing stage life.

IN CIRCLES. In the Judson Poets' Theater production of her 1920 circular play, Gertrude Stein is shown to be the still-reigning queen of sensible nonsense and the undisputed mistress of logical illogic.

CINEMA

GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER. Stanley Kramer's new film sets out bravely to face the problems of the marriage of a Negro man (Sidney Poitier) to a white girl (Katharine Houghton), but retreats into sugary platitudes despite the rallying performances of Spencer Tracy as the girl's liberal but reluctant father and Katharine Hepburn as her sentimental mother.

BEDAZZLED. Two members of the wily *Beyond the Fringe* foursome play Faust and loose with an old theme as a meek short-order cook (Dudley Moore) sells his soul to the Devil (Peter Cook) in return for seven wishes.

LEMONADE JOE. The Czechs kid the Lewis of the American western in a spoof from the same bag as *Cat Ballou*.

HOW I WON THE WAR. A platoon of World War II tommy's (including Michael Crawford, Jack MacGowran, John Lennon) tries to build an officers' cricket field behind enemy lines, which results in some moments of explosive humor in Director Richard Lester's surrealistic treatment of the horrors of war.

CHAPPACA. Conrad Rooks plays himself as the mixed-up son of a rich man who becomes a junkie until he finally manages to pull out of the downward spiral, in this cinemautobiography that was part of his own rehabilitation program.

BOOKS

Best Reading

TOLSTOY, by Henri Troyat. The paradoxes, inconsistencies and greatness of Tolstoy's life and art are brilliantly re-created in the most thorough biography to date of the Russian literary giant.

WILLIAM MORRIS, HIS LIFE, WORK AND FRIENDS, by Philip Henderson. A biography of the 19th century English artist who excelled as a poet, philosopher, painter, architect, furniture designer and interior decorator.

THE FUTURE OF GERMANY, by Karl Jaspers. In a lucid and persuasive essay, the 85-year-old German philosopher urges his



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countrymen to build a nation based on individual responsibility rather than on an atavistic dream of a perfect state.

JOURNEY INTO THE WHIRLWIND, by Eugenia Semionovna Ginzburg. An intensely personal account of the author's experiences in one of Stalin's slave-labor camps.

THE COLLECTED STORIES OF ANDRÉ MAUROIS. In 38 tales framed as conversations, recollections and letters, the late distinguished partisan in the battle of the sexes tours the terrain of women who are either wise or foolish, vital or declining, in love or remembering what love was like.

THE YEAR 2000, by Herman Kahn and Anthony J. Wiener. Members of New York's Hudson Institute, one of the nation's leading think tanks, offer educated speculation on the quality of life at the beginning of the 21st century.

MEMOIRS: 1925-1950, by George F. Kennan. During a crucial quarter-century of American-Russian relations, Diplomat Kennan was in official disfavor, first for being too harsh toward the Soviets, then for being too soft; hindsight shows that he was right more often than wrong.

THE SLOW NATIVES, by Thea Astley. A mod family in Brisbane meets its fate in this lively social satire by an Australian craftsman of the novel.

THE CONFESSIONS OF NAT TURNER, by William Styron. The passion and horror of the 1831 Negro slave revolt in Virginia are conveyed with eloquence in this Southern-born writer's fourth novel.

THE MANOR, by Isaac Bashevis Singer. A popular Yiddish storyteller proves that he also has the insights of a major novelist in this tragicomedy about the changes that wrench a Polish-Jewish family in the late 1800s.

THE PYRAMID, by William Golding. In this ostensibly simple tale of a bright lad who sacrifices principles to scale the ladder of the British class system, Golding explores his favorite theme—all men inherit the evil of their ancestry.

ROUSSEAU AND REVOLUTION, by Will and Ariel Durant. This final volume of their 38-year labor to record man's progress across the span of 20 civilizations proves once again that the Durants are unique historians.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Confessions of Nat Turner, Styron (1 last week)
2. Topaz, Uris (2)
3. The Exhibitionist, Sutton (4)
4. The Gabriele Hounds, Stewart (3)
5. The Chosen, Potok (5)
6. Rosemary's Baby, Levin (8)
7. Christy, Marshall (6)
8. A Night of Watching, Arnold (7)
9. The Arrangement, Kazan (9)
10. The Instrument, O'Hara

NONFICTION

1. Nicholas and Alexandra, Massie (2)
2. Our Crowd, Birmingham (1)
3. Memoirs: 1925-1950, Kennan (6)
4. Rickenbacker, Rickenbacker (3)
5. The New Industrial State, Galbraith (4)
6. Twenty Letters to a Friend, Alliluyeva (5)
7. The Way Things Work: An Illustrated Encyclopedia of Technology
8. Incredible Victory, Lord (7)
9. Between Parent and Child, Ginott (10)
10. At Ease: Stories I Tell to Friends, Eisenhower



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definitely going to change our name to something
other than Signal Oil and Gas Company.

LETTERS

Man of the Year

Sir: The boy of last year has become this year's Man of the Year. He is sloshing around in mud so that I'm free to write this letter. The soldier on the line in Viet Nam.

PETER K. BROS

Alexandria, Va.

Sir: Wretched Humanity, terrorized in China, Southern Arabia and Yemen; dying of hunger in India and Palestine; beset by war in Nigeria, the Near East and North and South Viet Nam; stifling in slums and poverty the world over; and enslaved in East Germany and countless other nations.

(MRS.) EMILY BENDER
GIORGIANA BENDER

Vienna

Sir: The ghetto rioter and the hippie. One is protesting that he does not have, the other is turning away from what he has. Future historians might wonder why they didn't exchange places.

(MRS.) BETTY C. CHARLES

Bedford, Mo.

Sir: Harold Holt, who made Australians realize that we are a part of Asia and the closest friendly ally of the U.S.

MICHAEL J. BUCKLEY

Sydney

Sir: Representative Wilbur C. Mills, who may have kept America from sinking further into a British-like welfare-state morass—and saved the value of our dollar.

(MRS.) PATRICIA C. PEACOCK

Kailua, Hawaii

Sir: For his ability to perceive beauty and meaning in that which overflowed with ugliness. Warren Beatty.

JIM DETERLY
BRUCE TRIPPLETT

University, Miss.

Sir: Timothy Leary, who has given parents something to worry about: our kids.

MRS. CATHY COOL

Homer, N.Y.

Sir: Ralph Nader. (MRS.) BETTY BAUER

Santa Maria, Calif.

Sir: The Man in the Moon. Nobody in this world deserves it.

WM. E. BRODERICK

Arlington Heights, Ill.

Sir: I am 19 years old. In 1967, I neither burned draft cards, dropped out of society, demonstrated against the war in Viet Nam, meditated with Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, shot acid, popped bennies, smoked bananas, participated in the sexual revolution, grooved in the East Village, married a man thrice my age, grew organic vegetables in Topanga Canyon, nor forced flowers and love on passers-by.

As a paragon of abstinence in a world of shameless self-indulgence, I nominate myself as Girl of the Year, in hopes that such an honor will make next year a little more exciting.

DEIDRE A. McCORMICK

Tarrytown, N.Y.

Tossing Thunder Eggs

Sir: Not as a parent but as a teacher, I can attest to the thesis of your Essay,

"On Being an American Parent" [Dec. 15], that today's pampered youth yearn for discipline; finding it withheld at home, they often seek it in the classroom. Although it's in to complain about assignments and deadlines, most students, not yet ready for independence, find security in this kind of regimentation. Many a class troublemaker who harasses his teacher is self-consciously pursuing a reprimand, I recall one unruly college freshman who came unbidden to my office with a plea that I shall never forget: "I know my behavior is lousy. Can you make me stop?" Yes, I probably can, but is it my job?

NANCY SEFTON

Portola Valley, Calif.

Sir: Bravo! Maybe some of those 80-hour-a-week fathers will see that killing themselves to earn enough money to "give the kids everything" is in effect short-changing them. If your excellent article doesn't scare the pants off them, maybe it will scare them into wearing them.

LINDA DAWSON CUSACK

Annandale, Va.

Sir: I feel compelled to comment on the "disciple family." I would no sooner "save the hoot owl" with my family than I would "collect thunder eggs." And furthermore, my parents would not "hire a wolf to howl at the door" in order to have a common crisis around which the family can rally. If familial solidarity is dependent upon crises and thunder eggs, then I am all for a broken home. The very values for which the disciple family stands are, essentially, those values that the youth of today is intent upon rejecting. The value judgment that girls are not given contraceptives because they are more interested in becoming women than in sleeping around, is an absurd answer to the so-called sex problem of the generation. It is not an assessment of the problem, it is a denial of its existence and of its causes. I feel sure that if I had to "build a telescope" with the entire family, I would be driven to sleeping around. It is evident, indeed, that your solution of the disciple family does not solve the problem of "being an American parent," it only ignores it.

But at least you will have a lot of thunder eggs.

JODY GARDNER

Sharon, Mass.

Atoms & Ponies

Sir: Your Essay on the budget lists "the \$4.6 billion public-works bill for fiscal

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"1968" as a target for cutting [Dec. 8]. Unfortunately, you followed the practice of most American news media in failing to mention that more than \$2.5 billion of that total is the budget for the Atomic Energy Commission. While not disputing that items in the public-works section of the bill could be cut, I feel journalistic accuracy should reflect the dual nature of the Public Works and Atomic Energy Commission Appropriation Bill. You might wish to express your opinion on whether the AEC portion should be cut.

HOWARD W. RORISON

Congressman

33rd District, New York
Washington, D.C.

Sir: May I propose an additional cut with which I am sure millions of Americans will agree? If the mail service is as poor in other parts of the United States as it is in Albuquerque, I propose cutting the entire budget of the Postal Department and returning to the Pony Express. DAVID H. PEARLMAN
Albuquerque

Look!

Sir: TIME's description of the massacre at Dak Son [Dec. 15] is the most moving and horrifying account I have ever read. Innocent civilians may occasionally be the victims of American bombing, but vicious, cold-blooded, and calculated murderers, we are not.

G. WARFIELD HORBS, '69

Yale University
New Haven, Conn.

Sir: I felt a desperate urge to go out screaming to all the protesters and Vietnamese, "Look! For God's sake, open your eyes and look!"

J. A. RAESON

Philadelphia

Sir: What a poignant statement on the nature of man: the Montagnards, considered primitives by all parties engaged in Viet Nam, became the tragic victims of the "civilized" Establishment they strive to emulate. Still in awe of matches, they must have fallen to their knees in reverence before the flamethrowers!

DAVID HOLMES

Bernalillo, N. Mex.

We Appreciate

Sir: Congratulations to the soldier-to-be Kenneth Dunn, who so courageously said to an audience of protesters, "I'm willing to lay my life down if necessary so that you can bitch and protest, but I don't suppose any of you will understand that."

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[Dec. 15]. I wonder what would happen to our nation's morale if our protesters would suddenly understand that.

JAMES K. RIDENOUR
Charlottesville, Va.

Sir: Most of us do understand Mr. Dunn. We appreciate and need him.

WILLIAM D. GORMAN
Bayonne, N.J.

Bone to Pick

Sir: Your article reporting that I stated there was a great deal in common between the leadership of the U.S. and France and agreement between the governments in basic principle [Dec. 15] is untrue and therefore grossly misleading. I said that my conversation in Paris convinced me that the peoples of the two countries, as they have in the past, share common ideals and values, and that the two nations can afford to emphasize their historical and cultural relationships. I feel strongly, and have never said or implied otherwise, that there is properly much concern by the U.S. with differences in policies that have developed between it and the De Gaulle government.

GEORGE ROMNEY

Bonn

► *The Governor's concern is understandable. The quote, however, was correct as printed and tape recorded by a correspondent of the American Broadcasting Company.*

Claude Clawed

Sir: Concerning the story about Florida's Governor Claude Kirk [Dec. 15]:

No one canirk.
More people than Kirk.
His smile is a smirk.
He'd rather play than work.
He talks like a jackass
And acts like a jerk.

JIM ANDERSON

Coral Gables, Fla.

Sonic Boon

Sir: TIME has stated the case for an American-built supersonic transport forcibly and articulately [Dec. 8]. As one who feels a growing concern for the U.S.'s balance of payments problem and the maintenance of our historical leadership in civil aviation, I applaud and congratulate your understanding and advocacy.

CHARLES C. TILLINGHAST JR.

President

Trans World Airlines, Inc.
Manhattan

Belay That

Sir: You write of Captain Bligh pacing the fo'c'sle of the *Bounty* [Dec. 15]. Never could this have happened. No sailing ship master would dream of such behavior. The fo'c'sle is the crew's quarters in the bow of the vessel and on the deck above are located the windlass and related ground tackle. You may be sure Captain Bligh confined himself to his own quarterdeck abaft the break of the poop at the stern, and to his "great cabin" which was "officers" country—a term still used in the U.S. Navy—forbidden to enlisted men except on official ship's business.

G. WINTHROP HODGES
Lieut. Commander, U.S.N.R. (ret.)
Westhampton, N.Y.

► Sorry, we had the wrong poop.

Note on the Score

Sir: The story on the 125th anniversary of the New York Philharmonic [Dec. 15] drew a great deal of information from the forthcoming book *The Third Philharmonic* by Howard Shanet, to be published shortly by Doubleday and Co. This book is the result of seven years of research by Mr. Shanet. He should be credited for the use of his material.

KAREN SCHNITZLER

The Sterling Lord Agency
Manhattan

► TIME is happy so to do.

Busting a Gut

Sir: Congratulations on your exposé of the "gut" courses [Dec. 15]. These gems of education exist in all schools, and it is about time they were appraised. I think, though, that your article lacked one important element, the viewpoint of the students. It is they who must put up with or subscribe to the snap courses.

WILLIAM GREENE

Port Clinton, Ohio

Sir: Help! I'm being held captive in a school that has no gut courses.

SUSANNA HOFMANN, '71

Colby College
Waterville, Me.

Sir: As a student who gratefully pads his pre-med requirements with "gut" courses, I salute any instructor with sufficient individuality to defy the anxiety mill which is today's university by inflating it with devaluated A's.

JOHN R. WEBB

University of North Dakota
Grand Forks, N. Dak.

Sir: Meteorology 100 at the University of Wisconsin may have been a "gut" course when you heard about it, but the ever-alert Wisconsin faculty obviously took note of the gut phenomenon, because the course is now known to be quite difficult. I am getting my first college F's in it. My parents read your magazine. Please be more accurate.

MARGARET CHESKIN

Madison, Wis.

Queen's Champion

Sir: When you said that Cardinal Spellman always "had a love for Catholicism's old Latin liturgy" [Dec. 15], you echoed the sentiments of millions. It's like putting a queen in curlers and slacks: she's still a queen, but she's not queenly anymore.

PHIL AIKMAN

Spokane, Wash.

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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Raymond C. Firestone

TALKS ABOUT
THE SAFE TIRE.



RAYMOND C. FIRESTONE
Chairman

On November 10, 1967, the Federal Department of Transportation issued a new set of tire safety standards. Firestone tires already meet or exceed these new tire testing requirements and they have for some time.

Our name is on every tire.

You see, we have always had our own safety standards to live up to—standards which come out of the responsibility we feel toward our customers. It goes back to something my father, Harvey S. Firestone, once said . . .

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When you buy a Firestone tire—no matter how much or how little you pay—you get a safe tire. That's the only way we know how to make a tire.

Firestone

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

December 29, 1967 Vol. 90, No. 26

THE NATION

THE PRESIDENCY

Pacific Mission

As soon as the news tickers told him that Australian Prime Minister Harold Holt was missing in a cruel sea, Lyndon Johnson knew that he would journey halfway round the world to say goodbye if his trusted friend and ally were not found alive. Holt and Australia had stood firm with Johnson on Viet Nam, and Johnson led 300 aides and newsmen in four jetliners 10,200 miles to honor him. For the President, who was genuinely saddened, the trip was of course much more than a respectful condolence call. In just a few days' time, he focused world attention on Asia, impressed allies with his steadfastness, and cheered U.S. troops in Thailand and Viet Nam—where he stopped on the way home.

The trip also provided an opportunity to reaffirm the bond with Australia, which is becoming an increasingly closer ally in political, economic and cultural matters. By way of welcome, Holt's interim successor, John McEwen, promised "no change in Australia's commitment until a just peace is won." Johnson also had a rare chance to meet with the leaders of the five other Viet Nam war allies, some of them for the first time since the Manila Conference 14 months ago. He conferred with South Viet Nam's President Thieu, South Korea's President Chung Hee Park, Thailand's Prime Minister Thanom Kittikachorn, Philippines President Ferdinand Marcos and New Zealand's Prime Minister Keith Holyoake. He also saw British Prime Minister Harold Wilson.

Significant Shift. The timing of these talks was auspicious, because it coincided with a significant shift of emphasis by the U.S. in possible means for negotiating an end to the war. Johnson has often called for direct negotiations between the U.S. and North Viet Nam. Last week he declared that the shortest road to settlement might lie within South Viet Nam itself—and that the two parties to travel it first should not be Washington and Hanoi but the Saigon government and the rebel Viet Cong. The trouble was that the South Vietnamese President and his colleagues—not to mention the Viet Cong—seemed reluctant to make the trip.

The President highlighted the change in the tone of U.S. policy by enunciating it before the largest possible audi-

ence. The day before leaving for Australia, Johnson and three television-network interviewers taped a "conversation with the President." The informal session—Johnson's first such TV discussion since 1964—ran for an hour in prime time and was watched by an audience estimated at 52 million Americans.

With great deliberation, Johnson declared: "Peace is going to be found by the leadership of South Viet Nam, the people of South Viet Nam, in South Viet Nam." But how? He acknowledged, and agreed with, Saigon's longstanding refusal to give formal recognition to the Viet Cong's National Liberation Front. But, he went on, Thieu had expressed willingness to undertake "informal talks with members of the N.L.F., and these could bring good results." So concerned was Johnson with driving home this point that he restated it twice more, and still further repetition was edited out of the tape before the broadcast. Johnson said that the talks, if accompanied by agreement on several fundamental points such as withdrawal of North Vietnamese forces from Laos, could end the war "in a matter of days."

A Southern Solution. A number of factors lay behind the statement. The most obvious is that the repeated calls

on Hanoi to negotiate or to join in a mutual de-escalation have been futile. Why not explore anew what diplomats might call a southern solution? There have also been vague hints that the N.L.F., or factions in it, might be more amenable than Hanoi to a settlement providing for a political role for the N.L.F.

If so, it would seem wise to at least try to exploit any divisions in the Communist camp. At the same time, by giving Saigon rather than Washington primacy in any negotiations, Johnson attempted to allay South Vietnamese fears that the U.S. might negotiate over Saigon's head and against its interests. Finally, Johnson's statement was a clear nudge to President Thieu and his colleagues to implement the policy of "national reconciliation" agreed on last year at Manila but never vigorously pushed.

Thieu, however, had his own reasons for nudging back. Any recognition of the N.L.F. as an entity to be bargained with can be construed as support of the claim that the conflict is a civil war rather than resistance to external aggression. The hard-liners in his own government might move to depose Thieu if he dared to dicker with the Viet Cong. Before he left for Canberra, Thieu ied the idea by saying that while he is always willing to talk peace with anyone,



THIEU & JOHNSON IN CANBERRA
Groundwork for a shorter route.



VON DER MEHDEN, LOCKWOOD, CHERNE, BARNETT, SEABURY & SCALAPINO AT TUXEDO, N.Y.

"Let us desist from the excessive spirit of mea culpa."

he could never recognize the N.L.F. as a "legitimate party." After press reports of their differences had appeared from Washington to Saigon, Johnson and Thieu sat down to an "informal working dinner" at the U.S. embassy in Canberra. It appeared from the headlines, Johnson told his guest, that they were "squared off" against each other. Not at all, said Thieu: "Thieu does not disagree with Johnson." That was a very diplomatic utterance, but meaningful agreement seemed as elusive as the morsels of shrimp and duck under Johnson's questing chopsticks.

Later, in a joint Canberra communiqué, Thieu referred to Johnson's proposal by reaffirming "a willingness to discuss relevant matters with any individuals now associated with the so-called National Liberation Front." But unity hung up on this caveat: Thieu said that Saigon "could not regard the Front as an independent organization in any sense" and that "it was not useful to attempt constructive discussions with any elements in South Vietnam committed to violent methods to obtain their political ends." Certainly there will be intricate negotiations in the future between Washington and Saigon on this question, and Johnson at least laid the groundwork.

"Right Will Prevail." Diplomatic duties completed, the President went to Melbourne's St. Paul's Cathedral for the memorial service. He was red-eyed and drawn; to the Australians who had seen him during his well-received visit last year, he seemed much older. Before ending his 36-hour stay in the country, he paid a condolence call on the Holt family, emerging from their home hand in hand with Holt's grandson Christopher, 8.

Then Johnson was off to the first of his war-area stops—Thailand's Korat Airbase, from which U.S. fighter-bombers strike North Viet Nam. "I realize," he told 200 flyers in their smoky officers' club, "that an old man is a poor excuse for your wife and family and loved ones, but I want-

ed to be with you at Christmas. I wanted to look each of you in the eye, and tell you that right will prevail." He heard individual pilots tell of their combat missions, then praised air power's contribution to the war effort in strong terms. Next the President made a one-hour, 49-minute stop-over at Cam Ranh Bay, where he was greeted by General Westmoreland, Ambassador Bunker, and that other famous traveler—Bob Hope.

Employer of Last Resort

Reformers have argued for years that the ultimate weapon of the poverty war should be a program of guaranteed work for every adult willing and physically able to hold a job. Last summer's urban violence gave new impetus to the idea. The Urban Coalition—a group of business, labor, political, religious and civil rights leaders—backed the proposal, and a bipartisan group of Senate liberals fought for legislation to implement it. But the Johnson Administration actively opposed the bill.

Last week Lyndon Johnson surprisingly came out hard for making the U.S. Government the employer of last resort for the "half-million hard-core unemployed in our principal cities." In his television interview, he declared: "I am going to call in the businessmen of America and say one of two things has to happen: you have to help me go out and find jobs for these people, or we are going to find jobs in the Government for them, I think it will have to be done, as expensive as it is."

How expensive, Johnson did not say. The unsuccessful Senate bill would have provided \$2.8 billion for two years to employ 500,000. Congress gave just \$1.77 billion to the entire poverty program for the current fiscal year, and that only after a rough fight. If Johnson seriously pushes a major new job scheme in an election year when taxes and Government spending are already high on the agenda of bitter issues, he can expect a more grinding scrap on Capitol Hill than he had in 1967.

THE WAR

Assent from Academe

Until now, most of the statements from the academic community about the war in Viet Nam have come from those on the protesting left. Last week 14 distinguished scholars, all experts on international affairs, issued a 6,700-word statement examining not only the U.S. involvement in Viet Nam but also the future of all Asia. They concluded that a Communist victory in Viet Nam would lead to greater war later.

The man behind the move, University of California Political Scientist Robert A. Scalapino, has worried that too many of the dissenters' caricatured criticisms were debasing discussion of the war, and that noisy campus demonstrations were convincing the nation and world of unanimous dissent by U.S. intellectuals. Scalapino conveyed his feelings to 13 colleagues, including Columbia's A. Doak Barnett, Harvard's Oscar Handlin and Edwin Reichschafer, former U.S. Ambassador to Japan.⁶ Under the sponsorship of the Freedom House Public Affairs Institute, a nonpartisan educational organization, they got together for three days in October at Tuxedo, N.Y., and began debating and putting down their thoughts.

Buying Time. The professors deplored "the recent rise of isolationist sentiment in the U.S." and the fact that "many Americans find Asia remote and marginal to their interests." As for what the nation's position should be, "The ability to develop and defend policies attuned to limited objectives—including a policy of limited war—has become the vital test of the U.S. today. Our op-

⁶ Others: Leo Cherne, Research Institute of America; Harry D. Gideonse, New School for Social Research; William W. Lockwood, Princeton; Richard L. Park, University of Michigan; Guy J. Palmer, Rand Corp.; Lucian Pye, M.I.T.; L. Milton Sacks, Brandeis University; Paul Seabury, University of California; Fred von der Mehdien, University of Wisconsin; and Robert E. Ward, University of Michigan.

ponents count upon our impatience, our impetuosity, our immaturity. They must be proven wrong.

"Let us cease defining and defending American foreign policies in grossly oversimplified terms. Let us also desist from the excessive spirit of *mea culpa* which permeates certain quarters of American society." Since World War II, they said, the U.S. has performed remarkably well in international affairs.

The U.S. presence in Asia has been necessary to counterbalance Chinese power and prevent a major Asian war. "The task of simultaneously restraining China and incorporating China peacefully into the international community will not be easy, but it is one of the greatest challenges facing us in the years ahead." Beyond China, Southeast Asia "comprises ten separate states and nearly 250 million people. This region may well hold the key to whether a political equilibrium for Asia as a whole can be achieved, a question which in turn affects the future of the entire world." During the past five years, conditions in Southeast Asia have justified "cautious optimism," with most nations—notably Indonesia—displaying a capacity for pragmatic politics.

"The decision of the U.S. to maintain a presence in this region has been of crucial importance. Every political leader within the area now recognizes that without that presence, the political fate of the region as a whole would have been drastically different. The U.S. has bought time for some 200 million people to develop, without their ceaselessly being confronted with combined external/internal Communist threats."

Far Out. Thus the stakes in Viet Nam go far beyond that nation itself: "To accept a Communist victory in Viet Nam would serve as a major encouragement to those forces in the world opposing peaceful coexistence, to those elements committed to the thesis that violence is the best means of effecting change. It would gravely jeopardize the possibilities of a political equilibrium in Asia, seriously damage our credibility, deeply affect the morale—and the policies—of our Asian allies and the neutrals."

The scholars recommended continued prosecution of the war, though without escalation and possibly with experimental de-escalations to win broader support for it at home. As they noted, "the outcome is being decided on the streets and in the homes of America as much as in the jungles of Viet Nam. Both the Government and its critics should begin to face up to these facts."

The committee's statement is being mailed to 3,600 of the nation's academicians for endorsement. "The academic community and the students in particular have gone pretty far out on one side of this," said Reischauer. "But we've got to have a sensible Asian policy. We're saying that America does have a role in Asia, and let's not blow our tops and do something foolish."

THE DRAFT

A Surprised 1A

When he turned in his draft card to the Justice Department during an anti-Viet Nam demonstration in Washington two months ago, Henry Braun hardly seemed to be risking a thing. He was married, had two children and, at 37, was two years above what he thought to be the draft age. This month Braun, a poet and an assistant English professor at Temple University, was reclassified from 5A (overage) to 1A. The move was a powerful one, since it made him eligible for conscription into military service.

The action was taken by the draft board in Buffalo, N.Y., Braun's home town, on grounds that he had violated a law requiring that all men born since Aug. 30, 1922, possess a draft card. "I expected to hear from the draft board," admitted Braun, "but I was surprised to find myself 1A."

The board's stern action undoubtedly grew out of a reminder that Lieut. General Lewis B. Hershey, the director of Selective Service, sent to the nation's 4,088 draft boards on Oct. 24—just two days before his memorandum advising that all draft-deferred protesters who act against the "national interest" be inducted immediately. In his earlier notice, Hershey pointed out to the local boards that the draft law clearly states that it is unlawful to mutilate or abandon registration cards. Any man guilty of doing so, Hershey advised, should be reclassified and declared a delinquent—which under the existing draft law means he is among the first in line for induction.

DEMOCRATS

Kennedy's New Leaf

YES, WE STILL HAVE HAVANA, boasted an ad last week in the New York Times Magazine and other newspapers for the Garcia y Vega, Inc. cigar company, which has access to nearly half of the pre-Castro leaf still warehoused in the U.S. And yes, Garcia y Vega has the promotional services of one of the more fascinating authors in the nation. In return for mailing in ten bands from the company's Elegantes or Gallantes (list price: two for 25¢), a cigar smoker can get a free copy of *To Seek a Newer World* (list: \$4.95), a slim volume of essays by Senator Robert Kennedy.

The Senator gave his permission for such a puff even though the book seems to be doing well enough in the cash-and-carry market. In print only a month, the volume—which accuses President Johnson of having “cast away” a chance to negotiate an end to the Viet Nam war early in 1967—has recorded almost 40,000 sales. That’s not yet sufficient to recoup the advance of about \$150,000 that Doubleday & Co. paid to Kennedy, but still it seems to be a brisk beginning.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

What to Do About De Gaulle?

To millions of Americans who have fractured French while extolling the beauties of France, any *entente* that is less than *cordiale* with the land of *parlez-vous* is as unthinkable as Paris without spring or onion soup minus the *croûton*. But now *la soupe* is spoiled—and most Americans are blaming one *chef d'état* too many. Grated raw by the rough edge of the French President's tongue, they are kindled with an ardent wish to divide Charles de Gaulle into three parts.

In view of the French—well, the Americans—they have short memories. They forgot that the Marquis de Lafayette came to help out in America's fight against those beastly British, that Frenchmen helped defend America in two world wars and showed no silly pride about taking part in the Marshall Plan, which put American taxpayers' leftover dollars to work. Instead, Americans get upset by De Gaulle's peremptory marching orders to American fighting men belonging to NATO and his helpful comments on the U.S. dollar. Indulgent Frenchmen who have allowed Americans to dally with their daughters—and occasionally to marry their sisters—are at a loss to explain the Yankee ingratitude. Meanwhile, Americans are trying some coy and contrary ways of countering.

Many would like to hit De Gaulle

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with living coral. Dignity and
graciousness that has got in a Vega.
Rightly. Truly the new Vega and the

Garcia y Vega

GARCIA Y VEGA AD
On the bandwagon.



"REDSKIN" DUMPING FRANCS IN BOSTON HARBOR.
If nothing else, there's always SEXPOFF.

right where it really hurts—square in the francs. Earlier this month, a party of Bostonians dressed as red Indians dumped francs into their harbor on the anniversary of the Boston Tea Party. Individual Americans are pointedly dropping France from their holiday tours, and some are refusing to fly Air France. For the first time, U.S. visitors to Britain in 1967 outnumbered tourists to France—by 100,000. Côte d'Azur hotel owners complained of a 20% slump in reservations last summer. Lately there have been some cancellations by American Jews incensed by De Gaulle's chutzpah. At Sage's Chicago restaurants, notices urge customers not to buy French wines. California wine growers are enjoying a record year, in part because some bibblers are switching from the cheaper grades of French wine to domestic brands. But the higher-priced types of French wines and brandies are holding up well. Oenological experts are not yet angry enough to cut off De Gaulle's nose to spite their own palates.

Congressmen and other critics have proposed a variety of retaliatory schemes. Among them: shaming De Gaulle by bringing home from French soil the remains of 60,501 U.S. soldiers who died defending France in two wars, demanding that France repay more than \$4 billion in World War I debts (which France and other European debtors except Finland ceased paying in 1932), swamping France's lucrative grain-export markets with American wheat, or putting a tax on American tourists to France. These are the kind of ideas that sound attractive—until one remembers that France, too, has great retaliatory powers, because it buys more from the U.S. than it sells.

If all-out economic warfare won't work, at least a few blows can be

struck by wit. One cabal of American businessmen in Paris has contrived a sneaky conversational ploy:

- Q. What do you think of De Gaulle?
- A. Who?
- Q. De Gaulle?
- A. Compared to what?

Then there is SEXPOFF (*Société pour l'Exportation du Franc Français*), a subversive movement to which all Americans in France automatically belong if they change francs into dollars, thereby reducing De Gaulle's ability to buy up Fort Knox. But sticklers over niceties now ponder whether those who reciprocate the nastiness of De Gaulle, whose character combines *le Roi Soleil* and *Dr Lawd*, are guilty of *lèse-majesté* or sacrilege.

Signs of Tolerance. Since De Gaulle gives no sign of fading away like a good old soldier, U.S. State Department officials have adopted the policy of "a low silhouette," interpreted by irate congressional critics as "no guts." At that rate, diplomats are unlikely to pick up Columnist Art Buchwald's nomination for the next U.S. Ambassador to France: Bonnie and Clyde.

In Paris, Americans are not yet barred from Maxim's, the Lido or the Folies-Bergère, and 26,000 U.S. residents in France are still permitted to pay De Gaulle's taxes. One heartening note: a poll by the French Institute of Public Opinion reported that only 27% of the French think that the U.S. is a military threat to Europe. Some Frenchmen even profess to like Americans. Expatriates often hear such remarks as: "We think the general is being too tough on you, and we don't all share his feelings." Such remarks are usually passed late at night in back alleys, and it is difficult to tell whether or not the speaker is an Algerian.

AVIATION

To Control the Swarm

U.S. airports swarm with planes—in the air and on the field—while the nation conducts a search for solutions to a dangerously growing traffic jam. When Congress convenes next month, it will see one new proposal—a Senate Aviation Subcommittee call to spend \$3 billion immediately, a total of \$7 billion by 1975. Having just completed two months of hearings—the first thorough congressional review of airport problems since 1958—Subcommittee Chairman Mike Monroney says: "Every witness conceded that we are in a state of crisis."

The panel's report will urge creation of a U.S. trust fund for the air, similar to the federal highway fund. To help build it, a passenger head tax of \$1.50 to \$2 a ticket would double the \$225 million raised annually by the present 5% airline tax. More money would come from an increase in the present 2¢-a-gallon aviation fuel tax, which is now paid by pilots of small private craft but not the airlines.

Private Problem. Monroney would spend the money on new flight-control systems and more metropolitan-area airports, with a view to handling the future's jumbo superjets and supersonic transports. He defends the plea for earmarked special funds by citing the already overwhelming load of education, poverty programs and the Viet Nam war on the nation's general revenues. As if to underscore that point, U.S.

HOW LONG THEY WAIT

Across the U.S., the airport rush hour is from 4 p.m. to 8 p.m. Here—as compiled from figures supplied by the FAA, the airlines and air-traffic controllers—are the average number of daily takeoffs and landings at the 20 busiest U.S. commercial airports, and the average rush-hour time a plane wastes circling the field or waiting to take off.

Airport	Daily Flights	Minutes Delay In	Minutes Delay Out
Chicago's O'Hare	1,800	10	16
New York's Kennedy	1,537	20	40
Miami	1,209	7	12
Los Angeles	1,199	15	25
Denver	1,195	9	18
Dallas	945	12	11
St. Louis	937	4	5
Atlanta	905	12	15
Washington's National	872	16	14
New York's LaGuardia	866	15	35
San Francisco	819	11	15
Honolulu	799	5	4
Cleveland	797	5	6
Detroit	766	6	12
Minneapolis	753	5	10
Houston	737	5	11
Memphis	731	8	11
Baltimore's Friendship	727	5	8
Newark	700	16	35
Philadelphia	673	10	35

Transportation Secretary Alan Boyd last week predicted "certain cuts" in present air-safety programs in the 1968 budget.

Airports are jammed largely because private pilots have as much freedom to fly when and where they please as motorists have to drive on their choice of roads. Airlines are assigned routes by the Government but make their own time schedules. The 2,379 commercial planes spent 6,000,000 hours aloft last year and 150,000 hours waiting to take off or land, according to the Federal Aviation Administration, which figures that U.S. passengers wasted 10 million man-hours just waiting (see box). Some of this congestion was caused by the 32,310 military aircraft and some by the airliners themselves, but most of it by the 104,706 light planes stacked up in rush-hour traffic. The FAA estimates that at the nation's 9,950 airports only 17.6% of the takeoffs and landings are made by commercial planes, while 77.8% are made by smaller private and executive planes. At major metropolitan airports, the percentages for these "general aviation" planes run lower but are still great enough to cause plenty of delay. Commercial airports with the highest general aviation activity are Denver (72%), Houston (67%), St. Louis (58%), Miami (54%).

Call for the Cop. Most programs to ease the glut try to treat aviation within the existing rule of individual right to the air. A few experts take a more radical tack. They would create a federal aviation traffic cop to assign not only flight routes but also schedules and air speeds, thus spreading the jam out of rush hours. Instead of informing the FAA of his flight plan and being accommodated no matter what the crush, every civilian pilot would have to notify a controller of his intentions and ask: "When can I go?"

ANIMALS

Tragedy at Lynchburg

The German Shepherd instinctively mistrusts strangers, and if provoked by them, will develop a ferocity hardly ever seen in other canine varieties. There is no doubt, despite all that has been written and said to the contrary, that the wolf did enter into the ancestry of the breed, and certain of that animal's characteristics are still found in its make-up, both mental and physical.

—*The Dog Owner's Guide*

The two Goodman brothers, aged 4 and 5, had hardly left their rural Virginia home to play in the woods one day last week before the elder, Gene, came back screaming "The dogs have got Kenny!"

With her son leading the way, Mrs. Gloria Goodman ran across the backyard, down a steep embankment to the edge of a small stream where the boys had been playing. Kenneth was nowhere in sight. But two snarling German shepherds and a stray boxer were. The dogs



GENE & KENNY GOODMAN

Perhaps only a sudden move brought out the wolf.



KILLER SHEPHERDS

lunged. Mrs. Goodman kept them at bay with a rake, and Gene scrambled onto the limb of a fallen tree to escape their fanged jaws. "Don't let the dogs get me," he pleaded.

Gene shimmied along the limb until he was dangling about four feet above the stream. Thinking him safe, and unable to fend off the dogs, Mrs. Goodman ran back to the house and telephoned her husband Eugene, 26, a self-employed exterminator who was working part time in a market near Lynchburg. Goodman sped home in his pickup truck, found his wife hysterical and barely capable of pointing out to him the area where she had last seen Gene. Thrashing wildly down the hill and shouting his son's names as he ran, Goodman was brought up short by a horrible sight. Gene, his clothes nearly all torn off and his body badly mangled, lay dead in the stream.

Fright & Madness. Out of the corner of his eye, Goodman noticed a shadowy movement. It was a dog that had been feeding on his son's body. Soon, two other dogs appeared, and Goodman found himself fighting for his life. Hoisting Gene's body over his shoulder, and using his free hand to throw rocks and branches at the attacking animals, Goodman ran as fast as he could. As he neared his home, the dogs finally gave up the chase. Goodman was so overwrought and exhausted that he passed out. Later, a posse of about 50 neighbors and lawmen found the other boy. He had been dragged to an area about 200 yds. from where his brother died. His body was gnawed almost beyond recognition.

The two animals that led the attack were later identified as shepherds kept as watchdogs by a neighbor, Ernest George Floyd. Both animals were destroyed, as were three other dogs, one of them believed to be the stray boxer. What caused the attacks? Perhaps nothing more than a sudden move by one of the boys that may have frightened the dogs. Once the angry animals had tasted blood, they obviously became murderously maddened.

KENTUCKY

Sparring with Spoilers

So ruinous to the land is strip mining for coal, Kentucky's most profitable product, that huge swaths of the Bluegrass State might be mistaken for the moon. Both boon and bane, strip mining gouges out a third of Kentucky's coal production, which last year reached 93 million tons worth some \$500 million. The strip miners use bulldozers to flay great strips off the surface and get at the veins beneath. This scars Appalachia's hills and flatlands with ugly detritus called overburden or spoil. As the spoil shifts and slides, the hills resound to the awful rumble of landslides shuddering down the slopes. The U.S. Interior Department reports that Kentucky's overburden has spoiled 119,600 acres of land and polluted 395 miles of streams.

Responding to the complaints, the state in recent years has adopted ever-tougher curbs on the stripplers. Most stringent of all was the order signed this month by outgoing Governor Edward T. Breathitt ten hours before turning over his office to incoming Republican Louie B. Nunn. The order forbids strip miners from working slopes steeper than 28°. Straight up in the air went the industry, thundering that it would be driven out of business, which was exactly what it said last year when the maximum slope was put at 33°. Since then, new operations have doubled to 12,000 acres, the amount of land approved for stripping.

The industry predictably asked Kentucky's courts to erase the new ruling, counted on at least moral support from Louie Nunn, whose gubernatorial campaign they had supported. They were in for a disappointment. Not only did Nunn go along with the order, but he also persuaded Ned Breathitt's director of reclamation, Elmore Grim, who had helped draw up the regulations, to stay on the job. When a restraining order against carrying out the regulations was knocked down in court, Grim pledged strict enforcement.

NEW YORK

Murk from the Reservoir

Jerome Park Reservoir in The Bronx is a mile-long meander of New York City drinking water. Often dotted with migratory waterfowl, it serves as a cool, quivery mirror to the red brick apartments and raucous traffic that surround it. The 97-acre artificial lake, built in 1905, holds 800 million gallons of water to quench the thirst of nearly a million New Yorkers. Last year Republican Mayor John Lindsay's reform administration discovered that the reservoir's spalled concrete bottom had never been cleaned, and decided to scour it out. "Because of the magnitude of the job," wrote Water Commissioner James L. Marcus in last

Thomas ("Three-Finger Brown") Luchese, Corallo is known as "Tony Ducks" because he has been tried or investigated for extortion, loan-sharking, narcotics pushing, labor racketeering, gambling, strong-arm tactics and murder, but "ducked" almost all charges. His only significant conviction was for bribing a New York Supreme Court justice to "fix" a prison sentence. Both judge and fixer were given two-year sentences of their own.

Also named were a pair of law partners who had been associated with Marcus in various business deals and a bakery-union official convicted during World War II of ration-stamp violations. Then there was Henry Fried, 68, a one-time (1955-57) member of the New York State commission of corre-

less hoped would be a continuing grip on a high city official.

History of the Fix. When it comes to such high-up manipulations, New Yorkers do not shock easily. The city of superlatives is the home of the urban "fix." Construction costs of a high-rise building can be raised by \$30,000 in a "squeeze" (payoff) merely to keep city inspectors and cops from complicating delivery and construction operations. Says one embittered Manhattan builder: "To sneeze, turn on the lights, even flush the toilet, you have to pay—you even have to pay to have the fire outlet inspected."

Such tactics are in keeping with a tawdry tradition that dates from the earliest days of Tammany Hall. Such old Tammany tigers as Fernando Wood and William Marcy ("Boss") Tweed had more polished counterparts later in men like Mayors Jimmy Walker, who resigned in 1932 after being caught taking bribes, and William O'Dwyer, who was peripherally implicated in a scandal over fire-department permits for fuel-oil installations.

Intricate Story. James Lewis Marcus, 37, is not of the old, rough cast, but is a new sort of New York politician. As such, he appears more naive than his predecessors. Son of a lawyer from Schenectady, N.Y., Marcus worked in investments before he walked into Lindsay's campaign headquarters in 1965 and asked for a job. Lindsay hired the tall (6 ft. 1 in.), greying, soft-spoken man in the dark-rimmed glasses without checking his credentials. Marcus, whose wife Lily is a daughter of former Connecticut Governor John Davis Lodge, served as a nonpaid public relations aide during the campaign, then as a troubleshooter during the early months of Lindsay's mayoralty. One of his jobs: to clean up the blatant homosexuality in Greenwich Village and along Broadway. Marcus was later named a \$30,000-a-year commissioner.

Last week a check was finally run on Marcus' credentials. They showed that though Marcus claimed attendance at four different colleges (Penn, Rutgers, Union and Siena) he had no degree. Though he claimed to have been director, president or a partner in a number of investment or speculative corporations, from Chicago to London, many of the firms proved either dead or even possibly nonexistent. At week's end, Marcus hired Washington Attorney Edward Bennett Williams to defend him, and was spending quite a bit of time telling his intricate story to U.S. Attorney Robert Morgenthau, son of F.D.R.'s Treasury Secretary.

Mayor Lindsay, whose own reputation stands to be sullied, was clearly dismayed by the affair. "If the charge is true, it's clear that Mr. Marcus lied to me," he said. "In that event, to say that I have been ill-served is an understatement." And that was an understatement too.



MARCUS & LINDSAY AT JEROME PARK BEFORE REFILLING LAST MAY
Shades of Tammany's tawdry tradition.

month's issue of the American City (circ. 35,664), an urban management magazine, "we awarded it to an experienced and well-equipped contractor."

The muck-bottomed reservoir could serve as a metaphor for urban malaise. Last week, in the wake of Marcus' cleanup, Jerome Park Reservoir was as spotless as the bottom of a washed soup bowl, but the Lindsay Administration was murky with implications of corruption. In the first major scandal to besmirch Lindsay's two-year-old (out of four) administration, Marcus was indicted by a federal grand jury on charges of accepting a \$16,000 kickback on the \$835,669.39 reservoir cleaning contract.

Ducks & Sharks. Indicted with Marcus on charges that could lead to five years in prison and fines of \$10,000 each were five other men. Foremost among them: Antonio Corallo, 54, identified by the FBI as a leader of the Mafia "family" once headed by the late

S. T. Grand, Inc., the construction firm that was given the Jerome Park job by Marcus—without competitive bidding.

The exact scenario of the scandal is not yet clear, even in the federal indictment. Investigators say that Marcus was deeply in debt to Loan Shark Corallo. Between January and November 1966, Marcus and Attorney Herbert Itkin, 41, a close friend and business associate, conferred a number of times with Tony Ducks and Bakery Union Official Daniel J. Motto, 57, who has close connections with politicians and the Mafia. These two men apparently advised Marcus to award the "emergency" reservoir-cleaning contract to S. T. Grand, and both served as negotiators with Grand. The kickback—5% of the total contract fee—was divided as follows: Marcus, \$16,000; Motto and Corallo, \$8,000 each. Grand President Fried got the contract—payment enough. Corallo also got what he doubt-

HOW AMERICA DRINKS

IN the bibulous as distinguished from the meteorological sense, December in the U.S. is the wettest month of the year. The weather is usually dismal enough to call for the cup that cheers; but it is Christmas and New Year's Eve, those nationally permissive drinking occasions, that pop the cork and the bung and inspire a steady round of wassails. In a single month, the nation's drinkers buy an eighth part of their annual supply, some of it to give but a good share of it to consume. This year, December's national bill, for spirits alone, will tot up to a staggering \$1.1 billion.

In per-capita consumption of alcoholic beverages, the U.S. ranks 17th among the world's nations, behind such countries as Luxembourg, France and New Zealand. The Social Research Group of George Washington University reports that two of three adult Americans (21 and over) drink at least occasionally, one in eight drinks to excess and one in 16—or about 6,800,000—drinks enough to be classified as a problem drinker. The estimated 1967 consumption of some 4 billion gallons represents a record alcoholistic tide, suggesting a land of serious, two-fisted drinkers.

In the Home

That statistical evidence can be quite deceiving. After a pioneer era of hard drinking and a ridiculous interlude of prohibition, the U.S. is neither wet nor dry but just moist. In 1860, it consumed 3.25 gallons of distilled spirits per capita; today that figure is only slightly more than 1.5 gallons. What has happened is that per-capita wine consumption has risen from one-third gallon to nearly one gallon a year; the consumption of malt liquors (beer and ale) from about three gallons to more than 16. Indeed, beer, which contains only 4% alcohol, as against 12% for table wines, 20% for fortified wines and 40% to 50% for distilled spirits, accounted for all but a small fraction—13% last year—of the volume of alcoholic beverages consumed in the U.S.

The liquor store has displaced the tavern as the principal purveyor of wine and spirits; grocery stores now vend 80% of the nation's beer. Another way of saying this is that most U.S. drinking—about seven-tenths of it—now takes place in the home. Male drinkers still predominate, 77% to 60%, but the ladies' preference for lighter drinks and their sheer presence, has put a governor on the drinking capacities and intentions of the surrounding males.

The profile of the average U.S. drinker is largely reassuring. He has his first taste at age twelve to 14—commonly by receiving a sip of the family stock. Before graduation from high school, he is drinking at least episodically—along with more than three-fourths of the student body. Like the hippie minority, most youthful drinkers stick to wine and beer, possibly because liquor is regarded as the old folks' hang-up but more probably because the lighter drinks are easier on the pocket and the throat.

There are more drinkers in the city (87%), where bars stud every downtown block, than in the country (43%); more of them along the Northeastern seaboard (83%), which takes a certain pride in sophistication, than in any other section of the country. The South has the oddest regional attitude about drinking. Kentucky is practically the capital of the bourbon country, but it also forbids the sale of alcohol in four counties out of five. Widely blanketed by local prohibition laws, the South teems not only with "brown bag" joints, to which the patron brings his own bottle in a paper bag, but also with moonshine distilleries. Yet legal drinking is on the rise throughout the South: the last holdout state, Mississippi, repealed its prohibition law last year.

College-graduate drinkers in the U.S. vastly outnumber those whose formal education has stopped at the grade-school level (80% to 53%), and there are more well-to-do

drinkers than poor: it takes money to drink. The average drinker is more likely to be a Roman Catholic than a Protestant. One reason is that many Protestant faiths, notably the Baptists and the Methodists, traditionally forbade drinking. The George Washington University survey classified 56% of all drinkers as moderate, only 12% as immoderate.

All the evidence, in fact, sustains the conviction that the average American knows how to handle his liquor. Strong whiskies continue to lose popularity: bourbon is slipping even in the South. Light Scotches are In; vodka, which is odorless and tasteless and mixes with everything, now rivals gin in popularity—though the traditional martini seems to be holding its own. The drink taken on the rocks—which tastes weaker and lasts longer—is gaining. And so is the drink thoroughly diluted with such mixes as orange and tomato juice and beef broth. Most bartenders will even make a spirit-free Bloody Mary called the Bloody Shame.

Fad drinks generally provide a clue to the changing public palate, and today's In concoctions indicate a trend toward blandness: the Dirty Mother (brandy and Kahlúa, a liqueur that tastes like sweetened coffee), the Half-and-Half (half Scotch and half milk or cream), the My Diane (gin and cordials with orange juice and coconut milk) and such relatively innocuous favorites as Dubonnet on the rocks and Campari and soda. Today a bar must carry 50% more brands and be prepared to make a 100% greater assortment of drinks than ten years ago.

The growing preference for wine can be taken as further evidence of commonsensical drinking. Light wine with meals is a familiar European custom that is taking hold in the U.S. Since 1955, consumption of table wines has nearly doubled, to 78.6 million gallons a year. Five years ago, restaurant customers in Chicago seldom bought wine. Now it is common, and they are specifying color, brand, region, year—even ordering Grands Echézeaux and pronouncing it right.

Inappropriate Abstinence

The history of U.S. drinking has been marked by two revolutions. The first dates from the 1840s, when the national temperance movement began its crusade to dry up the country. In the process, which led to the Prohibition Amendment of 1919, the U.S. developed a guilty complex about drink that it has not yet fully overcome. But there is increasing evidence of the second revolution in the public attitude toward alcohol: the country is learning to accept its drinking habit as a social custom that is as ineradicable as it is harmless when practiced in moderation. The alcoholic is a product of any drinking culture, but America is beginning to realize that he is a sick man rather than a sinner. Since 1956, the American Medical Association has recognized the alcoholic as a medical problem. The National Crime Commission appointed by President Johnson two years ago has recommended the repeal of all public drunkenness laws, which generate one-third of criminal arrests.

Even the churches, which once stood resolutely with the drunks, are gradually reversing their position. The National Council of the Churches of Christ has joined sociologists and doctors in urging that the legal drinking age—21 in most states—be dropped to 18, on the grounds that it is unrealistic and in any event unenforceable. Publications of the Methodists, who long practiced or avowed total abstinence, now freely discuss such subjects as appropriate and inappropriate drinking—and appropriate and inappropriate abstinence. Welcoming 1968 with more drinking but less drunkenness, the U.S. stands established as a moderate drinking society, in which social custom is beginning to serve as a far better control over the drinking habit than either statutes or disapproval.

THE WORLD

AUSTRALIA

Down to the Sea

In his leisure hours, summer or winter, Australia's Prime Minister Harold Holt was never far from the sea. Twenty-three months ago, when he first took office, newspapers all over the world ran pictures of the hardy, silver-haired Prime Minister wearing a rubber wet suit and carrying a spear gun. Holt fished from the rocks, body-surfed in the great Pacific waves that pound southern Australia's Mornington Peninsula, and spent hours with his wife, Zara, exploring rock pools, collecting shells and spearing fish. His greatest delight was snorkeling. "From the moment I put my head under the water," he said, "I was caught. And I've been captured ever since." Last week Harold Holt, 59, was captured for good by the sea that he loved so much.

Gone Like a Leaf. Taking a weekend off after the strain of a Senate election campaign and the devaluation of the British pound, Holt jumped into his red 1967 Pontiac and drove 59 miles from Melbourne to a small, white hilltop beach home he had built in the southern seaside town of Portsea on Port Phillip Bay. Though his doctors had warned him against swimming because of a slight muscular complaint, Holt felt that the sea air and the relaxation would do him good. So early on an overcast Sunday morning, he picked up four friends—Portsea Neighbors Alan Stewart and Mrs. Marjorie Gillespie, Mrs. Gillespie's daughter Vyner, and Vyner's boy friend, Martin Simpson—and all went looking for a place to swim and sunbathe. "I know," Holt suggested. "Let's go to Cheviot Beach"—a lonely, rocky stretch 2½ miles from Holt's beach home, and one of the most dangerous beaches in the Portsea area. When the five arrived, the tide was at crest, and ugly chunks of wood and flotsam bobbed about on the surface. "I had never seen it like that before," Mrs. Gillespie says. But Holt decided to go in anyway. "I know this beach like the back of my hand," he insisted. After all, he had been swimming there since 1926, when as an unmarried law student he began visiting Cheviot with Zara and her family. And, as a strong swimmer, he had often plunged into rougher waters.

"The Prime Minister must be a lot fitter than we are," Stewart quipped to the others. "There he goes, striding along like Marco Polo." Holt strolled down the beach and dived into the chill waters. "If Mr. Holt can take it," Stewart said, "I'd better go in too." He went for a dip but, discouraged by the condition of the water, quickly returned to the others. By now, the tide had turned and was rushing out. As he swam, his head bobbing above the



ARNOLD WILSON STUDIO

HOLT IN SCUBA GEAR
Steady, courageous and always there.

waves, Holt was carried farther and farther out into a broad stretch of swirling water. "Suddenly," Mrs. Gillespie recalls, "I had the most terrible feeling and yelled: 'Come back, come back!'" "Does he often stay in this long?" Stewart asked nervously. As the four watched the distant head, the waves suddenly seemed to boil up around Holt. The Prime Minister of Australia disappeared from sight beneath the waters about 500 yards offshore. "I knew then that there was nothing anyone could do, even if we had lifesavers," says Mrs. Gillespie. "He was like a leaf being carried out. It was so quick and final."

Delayed Impact. Stewart dashed down the beach, searching for some sign of Holt, then scrambled up on a rock for a better look. Seeing nothing, he ran to Holt's car and drove two miles to a nearby army barracks, where he telephoned for help. Helicopters, light planes, boats and launches soon spiderwebbed the area in the greatest search in Australia's history. Skindivers plunged deep below the surface. Flying in from Canberra, Zara Holt waited for hours along the beach, keeping her own lonely vigil and suggesting a few places where searchers might look for the body. "Try the Pope's Eye and the Chinaman's Hat," she suggested. "They are two bad pockets of rocks right in the middle of the current." But there was nothing. Though the police vowed to search indefinitely, Holt's body—like carried away by strong riptides—may never be found.

The news hit Australia and the world

like the slam of a bullet. At first, there was disbelief. Such things just did not happen in affable, easy-going Australia, and certainly not to its Prime Minister. What astonished many was that the ruler of so large a nation should go about so casually and unguarded. Holt had neither wanted nor received any secret-service protection—an individualistic privilege that no other Prime Minister is likely to enjoy. Not until long hours after Holt's disappearance did the numbing awareness of truth finally set in. The full impact arrived only when television cameras mounted on windy cliff tops in Portsea brought the disaster into every living room and into the heart of every Australian family.

No one escaped the deep, paralyzing sense of loss for the plucky little Aussie who had made good. The son of a theatrical promoter, Holt lost his mother at 16, studied law before drifting into politics, then began a 30-year political apprenticeship under autocratic Liberal Party Leader Sir Robert Menzies. Coming up through the ranks, Holt was named minister without portfolio at 32, privy councillor at 45, deputy leader of the party at 48. Then, at 57, when Menzies retired, Holt became party leader and Prime Minister.

A Staunch Ally. Drawing new attention to Australia's role as an Asian and Pacific nation, Holt traveled widely throughout Asia, strengthened ties with the U.S. and became one of Washington's staunchest Viet Nam allies. He raised Australia's military commitment in Viet Nam from 1,500 men to more than 8,000 and offered Australia as a rest-and-relaxation center for war-weary G.I.s. During two visits to Washington, Holt became close friends with President Johnson, once winking that he went "All the way with L.B.J." "He was steady, he was courageous," said President Johnson last week after his arrival in Melbourne for the memorial service (see THE NATION). "He was there when he said he would be there."

Back home in Australia, Holt was just as steady. He pushed industrial and natural-resource development programs that are now raising the country's gross national product by 9% a year; he also made Australia a major world supplier of iron ore, bauxite and alumina, as well as stepping up production of the copper, lead, zinc and coal that it has long produced. By the early 1970s, the government expects to be exporting \$1 billion worth of minerals alone (v. \$430 million last year).

An Angry Feud. Holt's biggest single achievement, however, was holding together the tenuous government coalition organized 23 years ago between his own Liberal Party, which controls 81 of Parliament's 184 seats, and the Country Party, which holds 28 seats. Lacking Menzies' charisma, Holt often had to resort to face-losing compromises that made him look weak. Still, that was better, he felt, than the Menzies-style one-man rule. Holt believed in a "leadership that can lead but at the same time be close enough to the team to be part of it and be on the basis of friendly cooperation."

After Holt's death last week, the friendly cooperation disappeared, and the differences that Holt had smoothed over suddenly threatened to wreck the coalition. On one side is Country Party Leader John McEwen, Holt's Minister of Trade and Deputy Prime Minister, who automatically succeeded to the prime ministership until new Liberal Party elections can be held Jan. 9. On the other side is the Liberal Party's William McMahon, Holt's Treasurer, the party's second-in-command and Holt's heir apparent. Over the years, small policy disagreements between the two have sharpened into such an angry personal feud that McEwen last week threatened to pull his party out of the coalition if the Liberals pick McMahon as their leader. To underline his point, McEwen refused to invite any of the government's nine Liberal Cabinet ministers to his swearing-in.

Off & Moving. Since anyone but McMahon might be able to hold together a coalition, several party members began quietly lobbying for the top Liberal job. Among the chief candidates: Immigration Minister Billy M. Snedden, 42, Deputy Defense Minister Allen Fairhall, 58, External Affairs Minister Paul Hasluck, 62, Labor and National Service Minister Leslie H. Bury, 54, and Education Minister John G. Gorton, 56. In the end, it was a tribute to Australia—and to Holt—that overall government policy itself will probably shift

little, either under McEwen or his Liberal successor. Above all, McEwen promised last week that he would stand behind Holt's commitment to Viet Nam. Australia is off and moving, and neither the Liberals nor the Country Party seems much inclined to tamper with a winning formula.

Harold Holt had left Australia a strong new sense of purpose and identity. In his life Holt was the sort of man all Australians like to think they are, and they found it easy to identify with him. He was the all-round "ruddy good bloke" who preferred first names to last names or fancy titles and liked to call up his friends and suggest that they drop by for a pint. Like most Australians, he was also a rugged individualist who loved nature; he could hunker down on the beach and chat for hours with kids or professional fishermen on where the grunter were biting. Even Holt's death had a peculiarly Australian cast to it. "For an Australian, what a way to die!" said Australian Author Donald (*The Lucky Country*) Horne. "If you sat upon the ground and talked about the death of heads of government—anywhere, any time—you would find no parallel to such a death."

GREECE

The Colonels Change Clothes

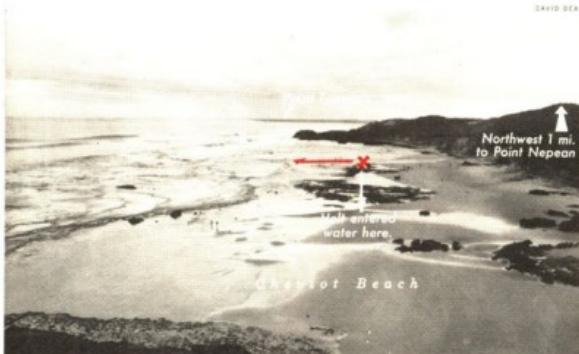
Looking stiff and ill at ease in their unaccustomed civilian clothes, the ruling triumvirate of Greece stood on the stage of the military academy in Athens. It was their first public appearance together since they had resigned from the army earlier last week to give their regime a semblance of civilian respectability. At the close of the ceremony, in which graduating cadets took their oaths, Premier George Papadopoulos, the former colonel who masterminded last April's coup, shouted: "Long live the King!" Coming from the man whom the King had tried to overthrow only a week earlier, it was indeed an extraordinary cry, but it reflected some new realities in Greece: 1) the King will probably

return home sooner or later, and 2) he will become a figurehead monarch, stripped of his former wide powers.

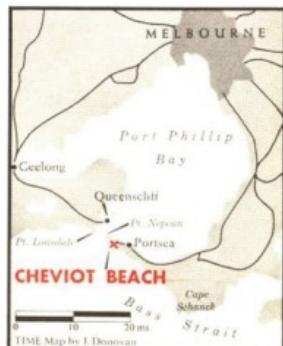
At week's end, having been sworn into their new offices in a mass ceremony, the junta prepared to present to the country a draft of the new constitution that it has been preparing. The King had been shown a copy in Rome, to which he had fled after the failure of his inept coup, and apparently he found it palatable. The junta has also promised to announce the date for a plebiscite on the constitution—another move that would enable the King to save face. The most probable route for the King's return now seems to be through his sister, Princess Irene, 25, or, less likely, through one of his uncles. The King would appoint the relative as regent—the present lieutenant general who holds that post was carefully designated by the junta as "temporary regent"—then come back himself in two or three months when matters had cooled off.

Reforming Zeal. When they first seized power eight months ago, the military men put such emphasis on their allegiance to King Constantine, on anti-Communism and on puritanical reforms that they appeared to be rightist defenders of the status quo. Now, after changing to mufti in order to run as civilians for office in the elections provided for in the new constitution, the ex-colonels' attitudes appear more activist. They seem not only eager to suppress leftists but also to break the power of the Greek Establishment. Under the new constitution, the monarch will no longer have power to appoint and dismiss Premiers or to promote and assign generals. He will, in fact, have none of the power that made it possible for the Greek throne to create its own mini-aristocracy of loyal retainers.

The Establishment is a clique of some two hundred industrialists, politicians and ranking generals, whose close ties to the Crown have won them important business contracts, political influence and key commands. Greece's new



DAVID BEAL





PAPADOPOULOS (FAR LEFT) AT SWEARING IN OF NEW MINISTERS
"Long live the King!"—as long as he behaves.

rulers are country boys, who come from lower middle class or peasant families. "Papadopoulos was the richest of us all," says an officer loyal to the junta, "because his father was a schoolteacher." Papadopoulos & Co. are suspicious of intrigues in the big city, jealous of the rich and resentful of the favors that the Palace passed out to highly placed officers. In the past, any incursion on royal prerogatives met with kingly counterattacks; in recent years two Premiers—Constantine Karamanlis and George Papandreou—lost their jobs for suggesting far less drastic limitations. This time Constantine had little choice but to accept a diminished status for the Palace. "Let us be perfectly realistic," he said in his first public statement since he left Greece. "I have no actual power at my command now."

Growing Awareness. Displaying new self-confidence, the ex-colonels allowed the Greek press to print the King's statement. They were feeling good because their fears about being isolated from their NATO allies have proved to be ill-founded. Also, the latest evidence of their firm control of the country has caused reappraisals of the new Greek situation in many foreign capitals. Though no nation has recognized the new regime, most diplomats feel that recognition is not necessary anyhow, since the government has maintained at least a vestige of legitimacy by appointing a general and temporary regent and retaining the monarchy.

In Washington, former Secretary of State Dean Acheson appealed to the editors of the Washington Post to halt their badgering of the ex-colonels about stepping aside in favor of an early return to "constitutional democracy." Wrote Acheson: "Greeks both ancient

"As they did, Helen Vlachos, the defiant Athens conservative columnist and publisher who closed her papers rather than submit to junta censorship dyed her hair, evaded the guards that kept her under house arrest, and escaped to London, saying: "I felt I could be more useful to the Greek cause abroad."

and modern have had grave trouble when they experimented with nonauthoritarian rule. Certainly no friend of Greece would wish to see her return to the 'constitution government' of two Papandreous, the old fool and the young rascal."

It was a surprising statement, but it reflected a growing awareness in Washington and elsewhere that it is indeed the ex-colonels who rule Greece—and that they are not nearly so bad a choice as some others might be.

BRITAIN

The Bitter Aftertaste

As long as they were yoked to the same desperation effort, the factions in Britain's Labor Party could think of little else but saving the pound. Now, along with devaluation's bitter, month-long aftertaste, a paroxysm of family infighting has broken out, presenting Prime Minister Harold Wilson with the first serious threat to his leadership in his three-year term in office. Labor's left wing is just spoiling for a squabbly over proposals for sharp new spending cuts, expected next month. So defiant and independent have some of Labor's ministers grown, said the Sunday Telegraph, that what Britain now has is Cabinet rather than prime ministerial government.

A crisis of authority was caused last week by an issue that Harold Wilson quickly grasped—if he did not pump it up on purpose—in order to reassert his party command. South Africa, it seemed, wanted to buy £200 million worth of arms, and could Britain please forget its three-year-old support of the U.N. embargo to sell them? It appeared that there could scarcely be an easier way of uniting all Labor than giving it a chance to say no to the Vorster *apartheid* regime. But at least five ministers, led by Foreign Secretary George Brown, declined to go along with Wilson's decision to do just that, claiming that 1) Britain could hardly turn down

£200 million worth of export business from its second largest customer in the face of mounting balance-of-payments deficits, and 2) it is bogus morality to pass up income, even from arms traffic, while at the same time cutting into Labor's backbone social programs.⁴⁷

Wilson was clearly shaken by the challenge, but in a head-cracking emergency Cabinet meeting he managed to force his will. He then assured Commons, while Brown sat in a sullen, cross-armed slouch, that he had backing "as a whole" against the arms sales. The rumors continued that Brown, whose rambunctious social behavior has never seemed to bother Wilson, was not long for the Cabinet, even though such a move would split the party down the middle. Wilson's political stock also waned when he prearranged parliamentary support for continuing the ban—the first time in recent memory that a Prime Minister has gone over the Cabinet's head for "backbench" allies.

Rough Winter Ahead. Labor's left is due for its share of blows. Wilson darkly forecast "sacrifices of certain ideological considerations" as well as economic hardships in the forthcoming austerity program. That almost certainly means more cuts in military expenditures, but definitely hints at a trimming of many social welfare pets, including, perhaps, the restoration of a fee for prescription drugs, long a Labor shibboleth. In a mood of defiance, 30 Laborites fired off a warning "making it clear that we do not think it is necessary to cut social services." This attitude practically guarantees a rough winter ahead in Parliament.

As he prepared to leave for Australian Prime Minister Holt's memorial service at week's end, Wilson could find little comfort in developments outside his party either. As expected, France barred Britain from even begin-

⁴⁷ Another important argument: that South Africa may be disqualified from Western defense if the arms embargo continues. For new standardized weaponry, the Vorster government will probably turn to France (it might even try Russia), whose hardware is not familiar in the Atlantic Alliance.



WILSON ON WAY TO LABOR MEETING
Over the heads to the backbench.

ning negotiations about joining the Common Market, though Foreign Minister Couve de Murville withheld a knockout punch by signing a communiqué guaranteeing that none of the six member nations objected "in principle" to Britain's eventual entry. And Gallup is becoming nearly as much of a brother to Wilson as De Gaulle. The latest poll showed that only 32% of the voters would return Labor to power—the lowest rating ever registered by a post-war government.

ISRAEL

Unusual Occupation

In its June victory over the Arabs, Israel found itself occupying territory three times its own size. The conquest brought obvious security advantages to a nation so small that its principal cities were within easy range of Arab artillery, but it also brought obvious problems. Along with the land, Israel also inherited its population of 1,330,000 Arabs, most of whom feared and hated the Jews. Nonetheless, by all accounts and on almost all counts, the occupation has gone remarkably well.

As occupiers, the Israelis have surprised the Arabs by treating them in a civilized, if firm, manner. They have, in return, won the Arabs' grudging tolerance, if not their full cooperation. There have been no mass protest movements, no major street demonstrations, no successful civil-disobedience campaigns. While some terrorism exists, it is sporadic and isolated. The Israelis have made it almost impossible for any Arab to be a terrorist for very long.

The Israelis are admittedly and purposefully tough in their efforts to stamp out guerrilla activities. Last week troops arrested 54 members of a major sabotage ring that had been operating along the West Bank of the Jordan; two other terrorists, caught in a cave north of Jerusalem, were killed trying to escape. In the six months since the war, Israeli security forces have hunted down and killed 63 armed guerrillas, captured more than 350 others. They have also impressed upon the Arab residents of the occupied lands that it is folly to cooperate with the terrorists in any way. In the Gaza Strip village of Dir el-Bel-lah, troops destroyed ten Arab houses in direct reprisal for the murder of a young Jewish settler. On the West Bank, bulldozers leveled the entire town of Jiftlik (prewar pop. 6,000) because it was a suspected staging area for terrorist units.

Despite such tactics, incidents of terrorism still occur. Arab "commandos" last month infiltrated close enough to Tel Aviv to lob nine mortar shells into the suburb of Petah Tiqva, and two weeks ago another guerrilla band shot it out with police near the city's international airport. Terrorists also blew up the water reservoir of a kibbutz in Upper Galilee, almost succeeded in cutting the rail line to Jerusalem and derailed a passenger train in the Negev

Desert near Beersheba. A warning by the Arab guerrilla organization El Fatah that Christmas tourists would not be safe in the Holy Land led the Israeli government to station 950 security police in Jerusalem and Bethlehem and to set up roadblocks in the area.

Such incidents are, however, minor exceptions to an otherwise peaceful coexistence between the two peoples. Jews now frequent Arab restaurants in East Jerusalem, and Arab patients are freely admitted to the \$30 million Hadassah Medical Center in West Jerusalem. The Christmas celebrations in Bethlehem were scheduled with little change in the traditions established while the town was under Arab rule. As many as 40,000 Jewish pilgrims a day travel to Hebron to visit the Tomb

To ease the friction of occupation, the Israelis wisely decided to let the Arabs govern themselves as much as possible, and to ensure Arab cooperation they have invented a technique that might be called coercive noninterference. When the prewar mayor of Nablus (pop. 44,000) announced that he would resign rather than front for the Jews, the occupation authorities simply informed him that no one would be appointed to replace him; since the local government could not function without a mayor, that meant that it would undoubtedly collapse, throwing the town into chaos. The mayor stayed. When Arab teachers throughout the West Bank called a general strike, the Israelis made no attempt to stop them. It was perfectly all right with Israel, the

DAVID RUBINGER



TEMPORARY BRIDGE OVER THE JORDAN (ALLENBY BRIDGE IN BACKGROUND)
And on Mount Hermon, maybe a Shalom Slalom.

of the Patriarchs (Abraham, Isaac and Jacob), which for 700 years has been an Arab mosque. Jewish tourists literally swarm over the Golan Heights every weekend. On 9,211-ft. Mount Hermon, in what used to be Syria, a group of enterprising kibbutzniks plans to open a ski resort that might just be called the Shalom Slalom.

Coeptive Noninterference. The Israelis have tried not to disrupt Arab life unnecessarily, but there is no mistaking the fact that they are there as conquerors, not as friends. Arab farmers on the West Bank of the Jordan have been forbidden to sell their crops in Israeli markets for fear that they might undercut Israel's farm prices, which are on average 25% higher. Instead, they have been quietly permitted to export their produce to Jordan: a temporary bridge has been built next to the war-wrecked Allenby Bridge to allow Arab trucks to cross over to collect such produce.

teachers were told, if Arab children had no schools to go to. The strikers returned to their classrooms.

The success of the occupation has been so great that it has led many Israeli politicians to demand outright the annexation of the conquered lands once and for all. The government, whatever its intent may be, publicly rejects such ideas. "It is not enough for us to look down from the Golan Heights, see our settlements lying safe below, and say that now peace is assured," said Defense Minister Moshe Dayan two weeks ago. "We shall have to look at it also from the point of view of the Syrians, who see our troops 38 miles from Damascus and who do not see that as a situation guaranteeing peace."

Not that Dayan, the one-eyed hero of the war, wants to give back any part of the lands before the Arabs agree to make peace—if they ever do. What he was telling his countrymen was that the occupation, although necessary, has



EIN EL HILWEH SHACKS AGAINST MODERN SIDON
Cultivating determination without a wisp of hope.

hardened the fears of Arab leaders that Israel is bent on conquest and has made them, if anything, more determined than ever to destroy the Jewish state. The occupation, Dayan warned, is therefore likely to last a very long time.

THE MIDDLE EAST

Return Visit to Despair

The tattered, canvas tents that once followed across the South Lebanese valley near Saida (modern Sidon) have long since rotted away, and in their place the residents of Ein el Hilweh have built a Mediterranean Hooverville of plaster-sided shacks whose tin roofs clatter in the chill winter wind. The Arabs who occupy the camp are Palestinian refugees, who were assigned their 25 flat, barren acres by the United Nations after the Israeli army had driven them from their homes in northern Palestine. The first of the homeless arrived there in 1947 just before Christmas. As their numbers swelled, TIME Correspondent James Bell was a frequent visitor to the refugee camp. Last week Bell returned to Ein el Hilweh to see what two decades had done to its people. His report:

For the most part, 20 years have brought extraordinarily few changes to Ein el Hilweh, whose inhabitants, like their homes, deny any appearance or admission of genuine permanence. The camp, which held only a few hundred people in 1947, now has 16,563. Unlike the first days, the people of Ein el Hilweh now see scant hope of ever returning to their homes, but they continue to live in the spirit of cruel dispossession. The roads and fetid alleys are still either choked with dust or, during the winter rains, awash in light brown mud. A few shops provide essential services—shoe repair, clothing—and the U.N.'s daily ration (1,600 calories in

winter) can be supplemented at ramshackle fruit and vegetable stands. Men-folk gather, as they always have, in coffeehouses, to talk and sip thick, dark coffee.

In Their Mouths. Usually, conversation turns to the young, to the generation born and reared in Ein el Hilweh. Though they have never glimpsed Palestine, barely 40 miles across the low hills to the south, Mayor (Mukhtar) Said el Khatib believes that, "some of them know more than we do about the property back home." It is a knowledge that is cultivated. "When our sons first speak," says Masa'ad Haidary, 43, a holdout Arab warrior until 1948, "Palestine is in their mouths, and each morning before they eat we speak to them of Palestine."

Yet when they leave school, most young men must also leave the camp. Roped off from Lebanese jobs by an inability to get work permits, just as they are isolated from Lebanese daily life in modern Sidon, hundreds of them have left to take jobs in Saudi Arabia and such oil-rich sheikdoms as Kuwait, Bahrain and Qatar, sending part of their paychecks back to their families. Several hundred others have gone by secret mountain trails into Syria, where they undergo training with El Fatah or one of the other terrorist groups that send commandos into Israel to avenge their fathers' sufferings by murder, arson and sabotage. At least four of the camp's sons died in raids last month alone. This activity is a source of fierce but guarded pride among the camp's fathers, who tell visitors rather convincingly that they "don't try to know about" such activity.

Blaming the Americans. Strangely, like most Arab refugees, Ein el Hilweh's patriots view the Jews less as blood enemies than as unlawful occupants of their homes. "It is the Ameri-

cans who are to blame," says the Mukhtar. "Without them, the Israelis would never have been able to gain what they did." The men in the coffeehouses have little use for any Arab ruler but Egypt's Nasser, speak cautiously of the Russians as "the only people who will be our friends." As for U.S. largesse in pumping more than \$400 million into the U.N.'s Relief and Works Agency—the source of its food—the camp shows no gratitude whatever. "I want to go to my home in Haifa," says Nayef Rashid Salameh, "and no money or honor can replace that."

This determination is repeated endlessly throughout the camp without a wisp of hope that it will lead to anything. If peace in the Middle East stays out of reach, it is not only because of new tensions from the June war but also because of old ones that continue to fester in the memories of the 1.5 million Palestinian refugees. As unwanted guests in an unfriendly world, they devote their lives to kindling militance in the young. In Ein el Hilweh, every child begins the school day with the "Palestine Students' Motto," which ends: "Palestine—ours—ours—ours."

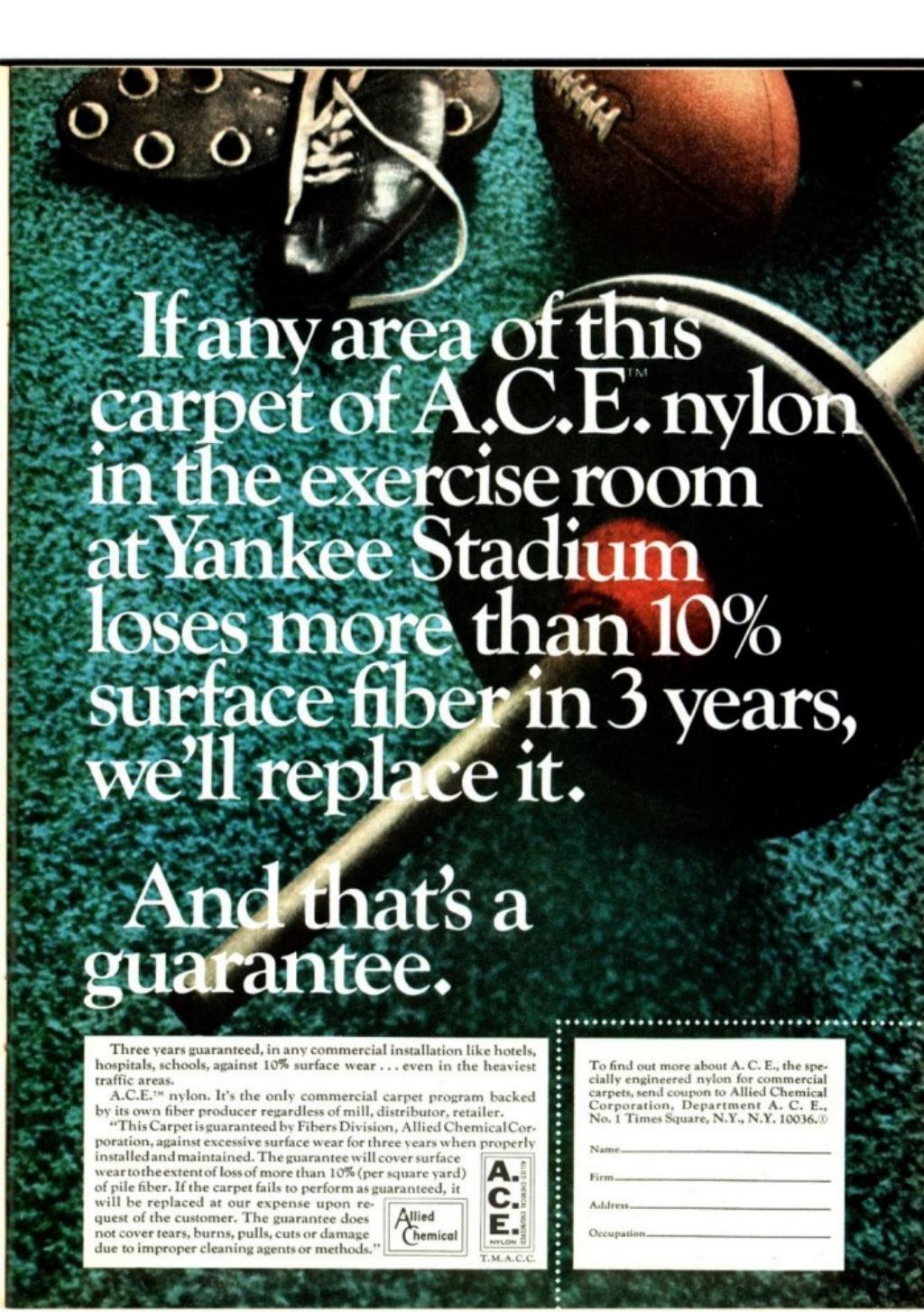
ESPIONAGE

On Display

After years of silence and secrecy as the most important British spy the Russians have ever owned, Harold Philby has begun compensating by becoming something of a celebrity. Exposed only after he fled to Moscow in 1963, "Kim" Philby has since become the protagonist of a half-admiring, half-shocked avalanche of serialized articles in every major London newspaper. In the past three months, the British press has literally feasted on his exploits, as revealed to "Our Own Correspondent" by his 24-year-old son (in London), his third wife (in Tunisia), and former colleagues (sometimes identified only as "X") on practically every continent except Antarctica. Last week Philby went on display in Moscow, almost in the manner of the czar's crown jewels.

Chain-smoking Russian Pamir filter cigarettes, he threw a candlelight dinner for correspondents of the Daily Express, at which he blithely denounced such Western institutions as "the expense-account lunch and the English Channel." He poured vodka, wine and brandy at the Minsk Hotel and "a number of restaurants" for a visiting science correspondent from London's Sunday Times. And, most satisfying of all, Moscow's own Izvestia ran a front-page interview with him appropriately titled: "Hello, Comrade Philby."

Easy Time. Between the caviar and cognac, Philby managed to sandwich in a few new fascinating revelations about his past activities. He had worked, he claimed, with such unheralded British spies as Novelist Graham Greene ("he worked in intelligence") and the late Ian Fleming ("he was aide to the direc-



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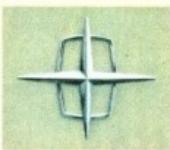
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LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION

tor of naval intelligence"). Furthermore, Fleming's James Bond "had an easy time of it; Bond's only worries were gay holidays and amorous intrigues." As for himself, Philby modestly admitted that, as chief of British intelligence operations in Washington in 1951, he had personally thwarted a CIA plot to overthrow the Communist government of Albania. How? Simply by letting Moscow in on a CIA airlift of "several hundred saboteurs" who were parachuted into the country. They were, he said, "greeted in a proper way."

In his new role as Hero of the Revolution, Philby also revealed that he has written an 80,000-word manuscript "illuminating my position as a spy." So far, no London newspaper has dared buy his work: The Sunday Times, which was interested, was dissuaded by a threat of prosecution under the British government's Official Secrets Act. In view of the lack of buyers, Philby proposed to hand over his masterwork for free if the British would agree to release Peter and Helen Kroger, two convicted Soviet spies now serving 20-year terms in Wormwood Scrubs. His generosity went unappreciated. The British turned him down.

THE WAR

Change of Weather

North Viet Nam's major cities of Hanoi and Haiphong are normally blanketed by thick monsoonal clouds at this time of year. But for six brilliantly sunny days, the weather changed and the clouds lifted. Lifted, too, were some of the restrictions that Washington had imposed on the flight paths of U.S. fighter-bombers, enabling them to fly through the air space adjacent to China and around Hanoi. The combination sent U.S. pilots of the Air Force, the Navy and Marines pounding away day after day last week at vital transportation points throughout North Viet Nam. There was no lack of targets: under a month of cloud cover, the North had repaired much of the damage from previous raids; freight cars were everywhere on the move, truck traffic had tripled.

Eight spans of the Paul Doumer bridge leading into Hanoi were dropped into the Red River, putting the bridge out of use for the third time. Upriver, two spans of the Canal des Rapides bridge were sent sagging into the water, and two of Haiphong's main bridges were put out of use again. Bombs ripped up the oft-repaired runways of the Kep, Phuc Yen and Hoa Lac MIG bases. Up and down Ho Chi Minh's domain the attackers ranged, cutting rail lines and roads, taking out trains, trucks and barges, bombing missile sites and antiaircraft batteries. Even by the Jovian standards of Operation Rolling Thunder, the code name for the air war against North Viet Nam, it was a spectacular performance: the most devastating six days of the air war.



MOMOYER IN MAP ROOM
On every mission, in every plane.

Rolling the Thunder

"He is the greatest tactical air technician, and knows more about the operations of tactical air forces than anyone the Air Force has ever produced," That encyclopedic from Air Force Chief of Staff General John P. McConnell was directed at the man who is running the air war in Viet Nam: General William Wallace Momoyer, 51. As commander of the Seventh Air Force and the "coordinating authority" for all air strikes by any service, the trim, soft-spoken Momoyer (pronounced Moe-meyer) is the officer responsible not only for rolling the thunder over North Viet Nam but for directing all air operations in South Viet Nam in his role as deputy commander of MACV in Saigon. An Oklahoman who was a World War II fighter ace, Momoyer has done so well at his job since he arrived in Viet Nam 18 months ago that President Johnson personally asked him to extend his tour of duty for at least another six months. Only last month, Momoyer won his fourth general's star, and it was he who last week greeted Johnson on his surprise trip to Thailand and acted as host for the President's Christmas visit with U.S. pilots at Korat airbase there.

Under Momoyer, the number of tactical air sorties over both North and South have doubled, and the general keeps track of them all with a McNamara touch for thoroughness and detail that constantly awes his subordinates in Saigon. They insist that Momoyer knows where every allied unit and road—friendly or enemy—is in South Viet Nam and where every bridge and truck park is in North Viet Nam. His pilots credit him with uncanny in-

sight into the best flight pattern to avoid flak on their missions north, an insight gained in part through his own participation in at least one of each of the 30 types of missions, from reconnaissance to rescue operations, that are flown over North Viet Nam. He has also made it a point to fly in every kind of U.S. aircraft in use in Asia, from little Cessna spotter planes to the fleet F-4 fighter-bomber. Only Momoyer himself can call off a search-and-rescue effort for a downed U.S. pilot, and he refuses to leave his combat center until he has made that grim decision, even if it means pacing the floor through an entire night.

The Glass Cab. Momoyer's operations are housed in three closely guarded, windowless buildings on the Tan Son Nhut airbase. He arrives at 7 a.m. every day to read the reports on the previous night's raids, then assembles his staff in his war conference room to plot the day's operations, using weather and intelligence reports and checking reconnaissance slides projected on an 8-ft.-by-10-ft. screen. He has authority on his own to strike at some 200 existing targets in North Viet Nam. When his intelligence turns up new ones he would like to hit, the request goes up the chain of command to CINCPAC in Hawaii or, if it is a particularly sensitive target, to the Joint Chiefs of Staff in the Pentagon, the Secretary of Defense or even the White House. In any case, the yes or no comes back within hours. Momoyer makes no secret of the fact that he would like some of the targeting restrictions lifted, notably on Haiphong harbor and the Gia Long airfield. Of the handful of remaining major taboo targets, Gia Long has been spared because of its use by commercial planes, but it has also become the last safe haven for Hanoi's remaining 14 MIGs. Momoyer has little use for the upcoming holiday bombing pause, noting that last year the three-day pause for the Vietnamese New Year enabled Hanoi to move supplies equal to 47 days traffic under his raids.

At 5 p.m. the targets for the next day are chosen and orders flashed to the assigned units, whether Air Force planes based in Thailand, Marine planes south of the DMZ or Navy fighter-bombers floating on carriers in the South China Sea. To follow the course of the actual missions, Momoyer moves to the plotting room for Operation Rolling Thunder (a twin room plots the tactical air strikes in South Viet Nam). There, sitting in a glass "cab" in the center, he is surrounded by 23 maps and charts that rise seven feet from the floor. Any area Momoyer is interested in lights up when he presses on the glass face of the map. On each is charted in grease pencil the flight path of the attackers, any weather changes, and encounters with MIGs or missiles. If he wants to alter something, Momoyer can be in touch within 60 seconds with any pilot flying anywhere in Southeast Asia.

DAHOMEY

A Seasonal Coup

Dahomey, the birthplace of voodoo, undergoes a peculiar seasonal ritual. Ever since it gained independence from France in 1960, the tiny country of 2,300,000 people has regularly tossed out its government during the pre-Christmas season in odd-numbered years. Usually, the man who has served as chief bouncer is a general named Christophe Soglo, 58. Last week, right on schedule, Dahomey had its fourth coup in seven years. This time, it was a total surprise to Soglo, who was himself thrown out as President by a junta of his younger army subordinates.

Once ruled by powerful ancient kings, Dahomey is the cradle of the Haitian voodoo gods that African slaves brought with them to the Caribbean. While many a Dahoman politician still consults his *féticheur* as he would a staff aide, General Soglo's own particular fetishes were not of the traditional kind. He lately had taken to pinching real dolls rather than wooden ones, including an overripe Elizabeth Taylor when she was in Dahomey early this year to film *The Comedians*. The sturdy strongman also had a habit of belching rather loudly at state banquets, at times has urged the men in his audience to go home and make love to their wives because Dahomey is underpopulated.

Cheeses & Castor Oil. But Soglo's downfall really began when he tried to do something about Dahomey's stagnant economy. Though it lacks any natural resources, the Pennsylvania-sized country has an overabundance of disgruntled intellectuals who once were civil servants in other nations of French West Africa but were booted out when those countries achieved independence. Soglo launched an austerity program that embittered his top-heavy government's 12,000 civil servants, who crowd the cafés of Dahomey's commercial capital, Cotonou. He cut salaries by 30%, froze recruitment and promotion in the civil service and did away with air conditioning in government offices.

With such paltry exports as palm-tree products and castor oil, Dahomey cannot pay for the large quantities of French meats, wines, cheeses and "Gervais" ice cream that are normally among the prized imports of Dahomey's élite. Nor can its poor people, who live mostly in thatched huts or in bamboo huts set on stilts in muddy lagoons, afford the \$3,000,000 presidential palace that its rulers have built, or the four-lane, sodium-lit boulevard that runs along Cotonou's seaside edge into an empty field of sand and weeds.

Sidewalk Message. A reluctant France foots the bill for nearly one-fifth of its prodigal offspring's \$29 million annual budget. When Soglo returned from a trip to France last month, he brought the message that "Dahomey will not in the least relax austerity."

Teachers and other government workers, who had anticipated that their salary cuts could be restored with French assistance, soon went out on strike. High society in Cotonou boycotted a gala charity ball thrown by Soglo's wife, who had imported two foreign orchestras for the occasion. On one of the city's several sidewalks, someone hastily scribbled the message: "It's time to change the government." Soglo blithely ignored his officers' pleas for talks to settle the general strike. The Dahoman general staff thereupon ordered the army's so-called *force de frappe*, which consists of six old armored cars and

laws. The man who got the job in 1964 was Tax Chief Orlando Travancas, 48, who did so well that he soon became known in Brazil as "Travancas the Terrible." He doubled the number of taxpayers (to 3,000,000), raised revenues from \$135 million a year to \$560 million, and forced Brazilians for the first time to take their taxes seriously. Last week Travancas got repaid with interest for his efforts. As part of his move to "humanize" his government, President Arthur Costa e Silva called Travancas in and summarily sacked him.

Travancas' fault was simply that he had been too successful. Before he took over Brazil's tax rolls after the 1964 military coup, only half of the country's 200,000 self-employed lawyers, doctors and small businessmen filed returns; and 95% of those returns, the government estimated, were false. In fact, the country's economists claimed that, if all Brazilians paid their taxes and businessmen brought home the \$400 million they had stashed in foreign banks, Brazil could even do without foreign aid.

A Natural Choice. Declaring all-out war against tax dodgers, then-President Humberto Castello Branco pushed through a law making tax evasion a crime (maximum penalty: two years) and providing for payroll deductions and official inspection of private bank accounts. An economist and accountant with 22 years' experience in tax work, Travancas was a natural choice to head the program. He began by weeding out dishonest tax collectors and setting up special training programs for new recruits. To find Brazil's big spenders, Travancas' agents combed membership lists in race-track and yacht clubs, studied society columns, watched overseas flights and sailings, and compiled lists of the most prominent bankers, industrialists, ranchers and other businessmen in every city. Then the tax men went to work on their returns.

When Costa e Silva took office last March and promised some relief from Castello Branco's brand of austerity, Brazil's upper classes began pressuring him to relieve them of Travancas. Costa held off, waiting for the right moment. It finally came when, during a television interview in São Paulo, Travancas described a big new crackdown on 3,000,000 delinquent companies. "If we were to look into all business returns in São Paulo," Travancas told his interviewer, "there would not be enough jail space to hold the tax evaders." Asked if a concentration camp were not the answer, Travancas joked that it might be a "good idea." The next day, São Paulo newspapers bannered the news that Travancas planned to send all São Paulo businessmen to concentration camps. Amid the resulting uproar, Costa saw his chance and fired Travancas. Henceforth, said the government, tax collections in Brazil will be handled with "kindness."



EX-PRESIDENT SOGLO
Odd man out.

200 men in World War I helmets, to roll toward Cotonou.

They engineered the coup without even taking the canvas covers off the guns on their vehicles. A "Military Revolutionary Committee" installed Lieut. Colonel Alphonse ("the Paratrooper") Alley, 37, popular chief of staff, as president. Soglo sought asylum in the French embassy, where visitors reported that he was "quite depressed." He will probably want to wait at least until next Christmas before organizing any resistance. At week's end, he flew to Paris, where he will join three ex-Presidents of Dahomey, all coup victims who are now living nicely in the city's fashionable arrondissements.

BRAZIL

The Tragic End of Travancas the Terrible

A venerable and usually heeded Brazilian saying is that "taxes are to be evaded, not paid." Thus, of all the reforms imposed by the country's three-year-old military government, none caused more grumbling among businessmen and politicians than the decision to make more Brazilians cough up more cruzeiros by tightening the income tax

PEOPLE

After 27 years and three wars, there wouldn't seem to have been any surprises left for **Bob Hope**, 64, in his Christmas tours for the troops. So they loaded him into a twin-engined C-2A "Cod" and fired him off the catapult of the carrier *Ranger* (acceleration from zero to 120 m.p.h. in three seconds), whomping him down on the nearby *Coral Sea* with the aid of an arresting hook. Hope came away laughing, but just barely. "I haven't felt a hook like that since vaudeville," he told 2,500 gleeful sailors. "I think I lost twelve fillings, and if you see a pair of Jockey shorts buzzing the bridge, they're mine."

There was something familiar about the name. The leader of China's Red Guards? A Paris couturier? Star of the Dracula movies? Perhaps a new submarine? Those glorious guesses were obtained when 2,000 Britons were asked to identify **U Thant**. Only 58% of the chaps in the street could place U Thant correctly as U.N. Secretary-General. Ah well, he still made out better than **Svetlana Alliluyeva**, who was identified by 51% as Franco's daughter, Khrushchev's daughter, or "the religious bloke with the Beatles."

All in all, it might have been easier if they'd given him a gold watch. But Canada's Liberal Party caucus, at a farewell party for retiring Prime Minister **Lester B. Pearson**, 70, decided that what the P.M. and Wife **Maryon**, 64, really coveted was a couple of "skidoo outfits"—explorer-like garb suitable for skimming about on snowmobiles. It

wasn't half as squirrelly as it sounded, as the Pearsons are avid skidoos. They donned the quilted jump suits on the spot, and Pearson said he intended to stay thus well insulated "from now on until April"—when a party convention will choose his successor.

"I'm not an exhibitionist; I'm not going around baring my bosom to everyone," insisted Actress **Joan Collins**, 34, after the première in Manhattan of Husband Anthony Newley's latest picture, *Doctor Dolittle* (see CINEMA). She was right, of course: not everyone was at the première. But those who were there—plus everyone watching the TV coverage of the event—saw Joan erupting from a Castillo Paris gown that was the dressmaker's equivalent of the Mar-



NEWLEY & JOAN
Comfort foremost.

ianas Trench. Far from courting publicity, Joan said, she was just seeking comfort—and "most clothes these days are so rigidly constructed you feel as if you were put together, not dressed."

Even the Beatles had to pay \$50 apiece to get in—as John Lennon and George Harrison did to give a leg-up to the annual Paris gala for UNICEF. And even the Beatles had competition from such lens lizards as Marlon Brando, Fernandel, Victor Borge and Ravi Shankar. The main attraction for the photographers was still **Liz and Richard Burton**, costumed respectively as a molting ostrich and a grandfatherly hippie. So magnetic were the Burtons that the wife of Prime Minister Georges Pompidou surrendered her seat next to them for a few minutes so that Actress Jeanne Moreau could bask there in the reflected glow. Later, with Liz as cheerleader, Burton got up onstage and rumbled two songs from *Camelot*—win-



BURTON & LIZ
Grandfather hip.

ning less applause than a pop singer named Johnny Holliday, the current hero of *tout Paris*.

"**Jack Dempsey's** taking the full count—the winner by a kayo—in the 13th round—**Rocky Marciano**!" the announcer screamed. Around the nation 380 radio stations carried the epic Dempsey-Marciano fight from ringside—or, more precisely, from the innards of a computer programmed to pick a winner between the two heavyweights, who were champions 30 years apart. The fight was the climax of a 16-man elimination tournament of past champions dreamed up by a Miami radio producer. Among those convinced by the electronic verdict was Marciano, 43, who listened to the broadcast with the 72-year-old Dempsey in a studio in Los Angeles. "He was my idol," gushed the Rock. "What the hell," snorted Jack. "It's only a computer."

A house accumulates an awful lot of junk when one family has lived there for eight centuries, particularly if the place is as big as the Count de La Pa-nouse's Chateau de Thoiry at Yvelines, 40 miles from Paris. So it was a long time before anyone looked into a box marked "old clothes." Inside were two handwritten scores, dated 1833, of Frédéric Chopin's waltzes in G flat and E flat. The count showed them to Concert Pianist **Byron Janis**, 39, who in turn showed them to French musical archivists. The manuscripts have been pronounced genuine originals as set down by Chopin himself. Janis will record the rediscovered waltzes—slightly different from published versions, with "more charm and subtlety."



PEARSON & MARYON
'68 skidoo.

RELIGION

ROMAN CATHOLICS

End of the Imprimatur

One way that the Roman Catholic Church has traditionally tried to prevent the spread of error and heresy is by the use of the imprimatur. According to canon law, any book by a Catholic layman or cleric dealing with faith or morals must be cleared by a diocesan censor and approved for publication by a bishop, normally shown by the Latin word *imprimatur*—meaning “Let it be printed.” In the post-conciliar church, any kind of censorship seems anachronistic, and there is a widespread feeling among publishers and theologians that the whole system ought to be abandoned.

The main complaint against prior censorship is that it is an unjustified restraint on intellectual freedom and encourages timidity in theological speculation. The imprimatur itself has been put to uses that verge on the absurd: for example, the archdiocese of Milwaukee once affixed the approval of Archbishop William E. Cousins to a notebook in which priests could record the dates and hours of Masses said—even though the volume consisted of blank pages. Under church law, an imprimatur may be granted by the diocese in which an author lives, or where the publishing firm is located, or where the book is actually printed. Since bishops and their censors vary considerably in openness to new ideas, publishers frequently have been forced to display diplomatic ingenuity in finding a prelate willing to approve a touchy book.

Breadth to Scholars. In Italy, religious publishers have their own unofficial catalogue of bishops, distinguishing the easy marks from tough critics. Italian imprimatur seekers have found that bishops of smaller dioceses tend to be much faster in approving books. For that reason, the Sons of Mary Immaculate, who operate a huge publishing house, and a bookstore only a few hundred yards from the Vatican, get most of their imprimaturs from Bishop Luigi Morstabilini of Brescia, in northern Italy. A theologian himself, Morstabilini has been discovered by other publishers as well, issues an imprimatur every two or three days. “Perhaps in contrast to other bishops,” he says, “I recognize that it is necessary to allow a feeling of breadth toward serious scholars.”

Playing the imprimatur game can be as delicate as finding a publisher for a first novel. A classic case involved *The Layman in the Church*, a collection of essays from *Commonweal* magazine that was published by Herder and Herder in 1962. Although the articles had caused no great stir when printed in magazine form, the late Francis Cardinal Spellman of New York refused to give his imprimatur; because Spellman said no, Herder and Herder was turned down by three other bishops—of Phil-



BISHOP ROBERT JOYCE

As tricky as publishing a first novel.

adelphia, Rockville Centre, N.Y., and Harrisburg, Pa.—before getting approval from the Diocese of Pittsburgh. Since then, Herder has followed the lead of another Catholic firm, Sheed & Ward, in having its books printed in Vermont—for the sole reason that it can usually count on clearing them with open-minded Bishop Robert Joyce of Burlington.

Heresy Charges. The imprimatur is no guarantee that a book will not be attacked as heretical. Last year Bishop Joyce granted Sheed & Ward an imprimatur for Jesuit Biblical Scholar John L. McKenzie's *Authority in the Church* (TIME, May 13, 1966). Although the book was later honored by the Catholic Press Association as the year's outstanding American theological work, Archbishop Robert E. Lucey of San Antonio recently denounced it as “openly heretical” on at least two counts. McKenzie retorted that Lucey should either withdraw his complaints or make formal charges of heresy to Rome.

More and more often, Catholic authors and publishers are simply not bothering to ask for imprimaturs, especially for books—like those attacking clerical celibacy—that would not be likely to get them anyway. So far at least, there have been no concerted complaints from the hierarchy (though bishops still occasionally warn their flocks against books they dislike), and students of church law agree that the rules on imprimaturs would simply fall into disuse if enough publishers and writers ignored them.

That would be true even in Italy. Rome said not a word recently when the Italian publishing house of Mondadori published a collection of essays called *Is God Dead?* without any indication that the book had an imprimatur.

Among the contributors were Canon Charles Moeller and Monsignor Pietro Pavan, both of them officials of the Vatican's Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith, which sets the rules for censorship in the church.

SEMINARIES

Uniting for Economy & Ecumenism

While the pace of church merger is still tortoise-slow, there is no slackening in the trend toward union among the nation's seminaries. This month, seven schools in the Boston area^a announced the creation of the Boston Theological Institute, which in effect is nothing less than an interdenominational theological university. Although the seven member schools will maintain their individual identity, students at any one of the seminaries will be able to enroll in courses at the other six. By pooling their resources, the institutions, which have a total enrollment of 1,500, will be able to offer students a joint catalogue containing 918 courses, the services of 255 teachers, and library facilities totaling 750,000 volumes.

The Boston experiment is modeled on Berkeley's pioneering Graduate Theological Union (TIME, Nov. 6, 1964), which was founded in 1962 by four Bay Area seminaries, has since expanded to encompass eleven divinity schools—six Protestant, five Roman Catholic. The Jesuits' Alma College at Los Gatos and the Franciscan Theology School in Santa Barbara are so pleased with the affiliation that they plan to abandon their existing facilities and move to the G.T.U. campus as soon as feasible.

Economics is one reason for union. In the past decade, the number of seminary students has dropped more than 10%, while the cost of operating the average divinity school has nearly doubled. In the past year, financial problems have forced four U.S. seminaries to shut down completely. More important than money is the conviction of theological educators that training for the ministry in an age of ecumenism must take place in an interfaith environment. “The idea of isolating seminary training,” says Alma's rector, Richard Hill, “is completely passé.”

Convinced that the trend toward merger will continue, the American Association of Theological Schools has commissioned the research-consultant firm of Arthur D. Little, Inc., to study how seminary unions can be more carefully planned. Dr. Jesse H. Ziegler, executive director of the association, predicts that within the next 20 years most of North America's Protestant seminaries will have combined into 25 major ecumenical clusters.

^a Harvard, Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, Andover-Newton, Boston University, and three Catholic institutes: the Jesuit schools at Boston College and Weston College and the archdiocesan seminary of St. John's.

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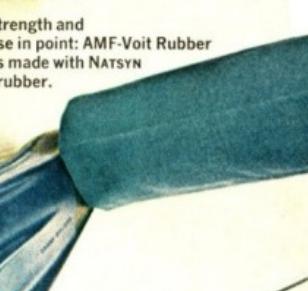
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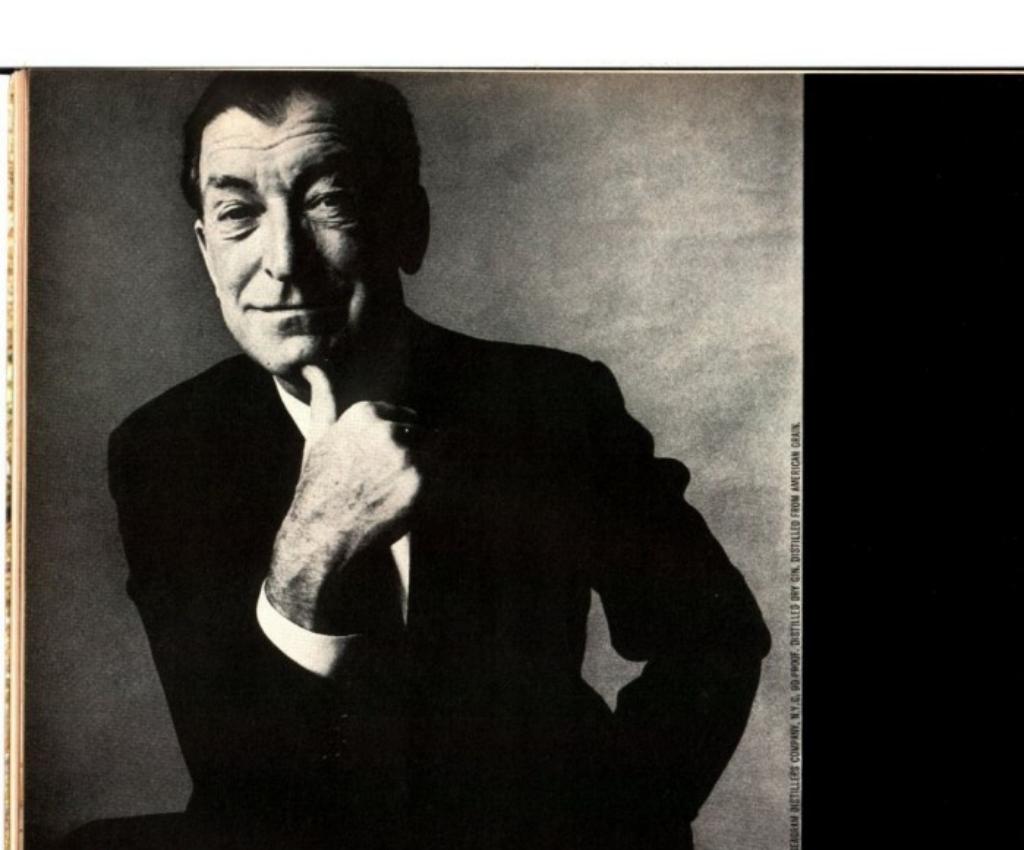
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EDUCATION

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Decentralization Dilemma

There are two persistent complaints about the nation's big-city school systems: 1) they are burdened down with top-heavy bureaucracies, and 2) they are unresponsive to the special needs of the neighborhoods they serve. One obvious way to ease both problems is to break up big systems into smaller ones—and, indeed, almost every major U.S. city is now considering some form of decentralization. Not surprisingly, New York, which has both the biggest system and the worst problems, is debating the most drastic remedy: a plan to create up to 60 semi-autonomous neighborhood school districts.

The proposal was put forward by a blue-ribbon advisory panel headed by Ford Foundation President McGeorge Bundy and including former U.S. Education Commissioner Francis Keppel. The panel envisioned suburban-like school districts within the city, each with its own superintendent and a policy-setting board that would have full power to hire and fire personnel, design the curriculum and spend centrally allotted funds. The plan has been approved by Mayor John Lindsay, and will be debated in the next session of the New York legislature, which must change existing state laws if it is to go into effect.

Selection by Race. The discussion is certain to be lively. The plan has been assailed as going too far and too fast by New York City's Board of Education. Superintendent Bernard Donovan claims that it would lead to the selection of teachers and principals on the basis of "pull, influence, race, or some other way instead of merit." Albert Shanker,⁶ president of New York's United Federation of Teachers, contends that it would create "chaos" through conflict between districts and confusion in contract negotiations; if the plan is approved, he predicts that teacher unrest would lead to "thousands" of resignations. Most Puerto Rican and Negro civil rights organizations, however, strongly endorse the Bundy proposal in the hope that local control of schools will lead to better education for their children—and they now give such improvement a much higher priority than enforced integration by bussing pupils around town.

Many other U.S. cities have moved toward decentralization—although not to the degree envisioned by the Bundy panel. Most of the plans have kept power in central boards, delegating only limited authority to district superintendents. The aim has been to give individual schools, and sometimes citi-

zens' advisory boards, a more forceful voice at central headquarters while avoiding a bottleneck of minor decision-making at the top.

Order of the Day. Philadelphia this year gave the superintendents of its eight school districts some power over curriculum, and is now studying a plan to let them decide how to distribute available school funds within their area. Philadelphia Superintendent Mark Shedd, an advocate of decentralization, sees dangers in local autonomy but argues that "the alternative risk of increased community alienation toward the schools is greater." To complaints that local districts tend to freeze racial boundaries, Shedd points out that "*de facto* segregated schools for many



STUDENTS AT NEW YORK'S P.S. 68
Greater risk in the alternative.

youngsters are going to be the order of the day for many years."

The Atlanta schools are divided into five districts, and the area superintendent can transfer teachers and pupils within schools of his jurisdiction. Los Angeles has eight elementary school districts, four secondary districts, each of which has its own administrative staff; they mostly serve to screen proposals—and complaints—moving from localities to headquarters downtown. In a much praised 1954 decentralization program, Chicago broke its system into 27 districts, but former Superintendent Benjamin Willis, a stern and domineering administrator, throttled much of the initiative of area officials. The new superintendent, James Redmond, leans toward a plan for three self-governing districts—each containing wealthy as well as slum neighborhoods—to relieve the administrative workload at his office and free the school board for purely policy matters.

Iron Curtains. Based on their own experience, most city school officials consider the Bundy plan too radical. Chicago's Redmond sees no real need for

giving neighborhood boards more than advisory powers, and Cleveland Superintendent Paul Briggs fears that the Bundy plan would "build iron curtains around neighborhoods and freeze the ghetto." Some educators worry about the possibility that neighborhood boards could be taken over by extremists of either the left or right, ward-type politicians, or as Atlanta School Board Member Mrs. Sara Mitchell puts it, people "who have little minds and don't think big enough." Philadelphia P.T.A. President Mrs. David Ewing likens multiple districts to "Daylight Saving Time in one area and Eastern Standard Time in another."

No one sees decentralization as an instant panacea for what the Bundy panel calls the "spiral of decline" in big city schools. Indeed, the panel warns that "the troubles of our public schools have been many years in the making, and they will be many years in the mending." Yet so many children are emerging from schools without having mastered the basics of reading and writing that decentralization seems well worth a long and serious try. It should, says the Bundy report, create "a reconnection for learning" in which parents, teachers, supervisors, governing boards and students can stop blaming each other for failure and start working together for better schools.

All for One, One for All

A tiny band of educational critics has recently produced a flurry of books complaining that U.S. public schools stifle, rather than stimulate, the natural joy that children should find in learning. While these academic reformers differ considerably in their formulas for improvement, they do have one big bond in common: each has written rave reviews urging the public to read the books of the others.

The inner circle of back scratchers consists of John Holt (*How Children Learn*), Jonathan Kozol (*Death at an Early Age*), Robert Coles (*Children of Crisis*), Edgar Z. Friedenberg (*Coming of Age in America*) and Herbert Kohl (*36 Children*). By no coincidence at all, Holt lauded Kozol's book in the *New York Review of Books*. Kozol praised Holt's book in *LIFE* and Friedenberg's book in the *Christian Science Monitor*. Coles exalted the Kozol and Friedenberg books in reviews for the *New York Times*. Friedenberg, in turn, gushed over Kozol's writing in the *Saturday Review*. Kohl, who included a short story by Kozol in an anthology called *The Age of Complexity*, is writing a Holt rave for the *New York Review of Books*.

The sequence is not over. Although Kohl's book will not be released until Jan. 15, two of his fellow critics have already stepped way ahead of the pack to push it in print—Friedenberg praised it in the *Saturday Review*, while Coles wrote a blurb that appears on the dust jacket.

⁶ Who last week began a 15-day jail sentence imposed by the court as a result of last fall's teacher strike.

MEDICINE

SURGERY

End & Beginning

Eighteen days after Louis Washkansky received history's first transplant of a human heart, the Cape Town grocer died of double pneumonia. The underlying cause of the process that ended in death was clouded and likely to become the subject of medical dispute, but one thing was clear: it was not the failure of the transplanted heart. To



WASHKANSKY & WIFE
To the last, a strong heartbeat.

the last, that organ functioned with a surprisingly strong and regular beat.

The complications that eventually killed Washkansky, 55, began twelve days after he had received the heart of Denise Ann Darvall, 25. He first showed signs of trouble by coughing up sputum and running a fever. X rays revealed a shadow, indicating what doctors call "infiltrates" in the lungs. One possible cause was a pulmonary embolism (a traveling blood clot). But the doctors at Groote Schuur Hospital concluded that the likeliest cause was pneumonia, and they attacked vigorously with heroic doses of penicillin.

25 Billion Cells. If pneumococci were indeed involved, the penicillin should have killed them. But Washkansky did not get better. Instead, his white-blood-cell count plummeted alarmingly. As is usual after major surgery, it had been high—about three times the normal. Now it fell within a few hours to a low normal. In an effort to keep the count from dropping fatally close to zero, the hematologists centrifuged eight pints of fresh blood to separate the white cells and infused an estimated 25 billion of them into an arm vein. Even then Washkansky's white count did not rise. Destruction of cells was obviously continuing.

Why? No one could be certain. In the hope of protecting the heart against attack by the immune reaction, doctors had dosed Washkansky heavily with half a dozen drugs, and at least two of these, in addition to radiation, might have made his white cells vulnerable.

After Washkansky died, the man who

had made the transplant possible was dependent. Said Edward Darvall: "There was at least part of my daughter alive, and now it's all gone. I feel empty." (In fact, one of her kidneys, transplanted to Jonathan Van Wyk, 10, was still working well.) Brooklyn's Dr. Adrian Kantrowitz, whose own heart-transplant operation had failed two weeks earlier, expressed his sorrow, then added: "However, I believe that the operation performed by Dr. Christiaan Barnard represents a great step forward."

Post-mortem examination disclosed patches of pneumonia, caused by "a very virulent form of germ," in both of Washkansky's lungs. Drugs given to suppress the immune reaction had inevitably made the patient more susceptible to such an infection. Chief Surgeon Barnard summed up: "I wouldn't like to call this operation an experiment—it was treatment of a sick patient. Although Washkansky died, I don't think we have any evidence that transplantation is not good treatment for certain heart diseases. And we certainly have not found any evidence to discourage us from continuing."

PEDIATRICS

Declining Decline in Infant Deaths

For all its wealth and scientific progress, the U.S. ranks below at least eleven other nations in its ability to help infants survive their first year of life. During that first twelve months, 23.8 out of every 1,000 U.S. babies die, compared with 12.6 in Sweden, 14.7 in The Netherlands. Among other nations ranking ahead of the U.S.: Denmark with 17 deaths per 1,000, Switzerland with 17.2, Japan with 18.3, and France with 21.7. Among the worst: Guatemala with 91.5.

It wasn't always that way. From 1936 through 1950, the infant-mortality rate in the U.S. dropped from 57.1 to 29.2 per 1,000, an improvement of 49% that placed it sixth. Then the descending curve leveled off. By 1955, the U.S. had slipped to eighth place on the list. Since then, while other nations have achieved dramatic reductions, the U.S. rate has declined at an average of only .83% per year, pushing the nation even farther down the list.

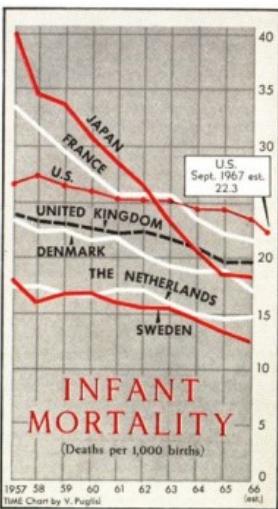
Trouble in the Cities. A principal reason is poverty—and since poverty afflicts a disproportionate number of Negroes, the problem also involves race. Where money and medical care are available, infant mortality drops far below the national average, according to a county-by-county survey released this year by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare's Children's Bureau. Fifty-six, or less than 2% of all the counties studied, HEW pointed out, account for an unusually significant proportion of the nation's infant deaths. Included in the 56 are all but one of the U.S. cities with more than 500,000

population and the country's largest Negro and white ghettos.

Behind the statistics is an obvious shift in U.S. population. Poor nonwhites have been migrating to the cities. Middle-class whites have moved to the suburbs, leaving behind degenerating medical facilities in deteriorating communities. Under such conditions, families tend to disintegrate and unwanted children get ignored and neglected. The result has been a decline in prenatal and postnatal care in areas where it is needed most.

Explaining the Gap. Chief among the direct causes of infant death are respiratory malfunction, low birth weight, premature birth, and congenital malformations of the circulatory, digestive and central nervous systems. Some of these factors are genetic, and irreversible. Thus there is a limit beyond which infant mortality cannot be reduced. Nonetheless, 320 U.S. counties have achieved a lower rate of 18.3 deaths per 1,000 births. Poor maternal health, malnutrition, inadequate sanitation and illegitimacy, predictably most prevalent in low-income communities, are also important factors. In Holland and Denmark, which have had a virtually uninterrupted decline in infant mortality since 1950, comprehensive mother and infant care has become a tradition. Some medical experts attribute part of the gap between U.S. and Scandinavian rates of decline to a greater European use of legal abortion and family planning.

To help more U.S. infants survive, Congress has authorized \$35 million for maternity and infant care in fiscal 1968. And HEW hopes to set up and train a corps of physicians' assistants to provide more thorough care to mothers and infants in low-income areas.



CONTRACEPTION

The Pill & Strokes

Among the millions of words that have been written about oral contraceptives, none have been more alarming than charges that the pill causes a wide variety of illnesses, some of them serious, and a few of them fatal. Solid statistics have been lacking, but now reliable data are being assembled about two possible major dangers:

- **THROMBOPHLEBITIS.** Women on 20-day pills that combine a progestin (a synthetic that acts like a pregnancy hormone) with a minute quantity of estrogen react as though they were "a little bit pregnant." Changes in the blood resemble those of pregnancy—including, for some women, an increased tendency for blood clots to form in inflamed leg veins. From there, they may travel to the lungs. A committee on drug safety studied every suspected case it could find in Britain and concluded that a woman taking such pills "incurs a slightly increased risk of developing thromboembolic disorders, but that risk is small, and less than the risks from ordinary pregnancy and delivery that these contraceptives are intended to prevent."
- **CEREBROVASCULAR DISORDERS.** At Columbia University's Neurological Institute in the last year before the pill came into wide use, only two women between the ages of 20 and 40 were admitted with strokes; one was pregnant, the other case was apparently unrelated to hormone changes. Last year, Dr. Richard T. Bergeron and Dr. Ernest H. Wood report, they had nine such cases in this age range, and all but one of these patients were on the pills. Some had been taking them for years, some for only a few weeks. Dr. Monroe Cole of Wake Forest College has reported five similar cases within one year. The nature of nearly all these strokes was confirmed by X rays. Also subject to physical proof are cases of damage to retinal arteries and inflammation of the optic nerves. Not precisely measurable are the more numerous cases in which women complain that they have developed migraine headaches since starting on the pills, or that previously rare attacks have become more frequent and severe. But enough such instances have been reported to convince physicians that there is a cause-and-effect relationship.

Among about 7,000,000 U.S. women now on the pills, and more than 1,000,000 who have been, the incidence of these clotting and arterial disorders is small. The trouble lies not so much in the pills or their makers and takers as with doctors who prescribe them without doing a thorough physical examination and getting a good case history. One of the severely disabled patients at the Neurological Institute had never had a stroke, but both her mother and father had died of strokes. Many doctors would say that she should never have been put on the pills.

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TELEVISION

PROGRAMMING

The Nights Before Christmas

'Twas the nights before Christmas,
When all through TV,
Not a series was stirring,
Not even Lucy.
For what to our wond'ring
Eyes should appear,
But moldy old reruns
And things from last year.

If TV audiences are bored during the Christmas season, it is understandable. Last week seven regular programs, including CBS's *Lucy Show* and NBC's *I Spy*, were repeats. This week another nine shows, among them *Lucy* again and even NBC's *Tuesday Night at the*

Is Born or a musical drama called *Christmas in the Marketplace*.

Singing Kings. Short of moving mid-night Mass at St. Patrick's into prime time, the easy out on the variety hours is to light a yule log and invite the family for a singalong. Not to be outdone by Andy Williams, who featured his wife, two children and 38 relatives on his show, last week Dean Martin turned the cameras on his wife and seven children as well as Frank Sinatra and his clan (Mia was conspicuously absent). But for sheer numbers, no one can outdo the singing King Family, who last week turned out 45 strong for their first Christmas special. Since it followed hard on the heels of their Thanks-

image "a national liability," interrupted the taping to see how he was coming across on the screen.

What viewers saw was some of the toughness of the man in the chilly stares he leveled at CBS's Dan Rather when the newscaster pressed a point; when ABC's Frank Reynolds observed that many Negroes criticized Johnson's poverty programs as just "white man's talk," the President startled the reporter by sternly firing back: "What is your answer to it, Frank?"

Bright Gift. No TV Christmas season is complete, of course, without violence. That came on both weekends as the pro football teams played with that uncommon ferocity that breaks out when they sniff the big money of playoff and bowl games. NBC opted for violence remembered in "Alamein: A



BALSAM & STAPLETON IN "EDEN"



CAPOTE & LEE RADZIWILL



DONNIE MELVIN & PAGE IN "CHRISTMAS MEMORY"

Movies (*Wild and Wonderful*) are reruns. The networks explain that the holiday audience drops roughly 10%—so why be bighearted at Christmas and run new episodes? More to the point, the pre-Christmas period is a so-called Nielsen "black week," when national ratings are not tabulated.

Another method of avoiding the effort and expense of a new series installment is to pre-empt it with a replay of what the networks like to call "holiday classics." On NBC, the most persistent ghost of Christmas past is Mr. Magoo portraying Scrooge, which was repeated last week for the sixth consecutive season. Other animated perennials are CBS's "A Charlie Brown Christmas," NBC's "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer," CBS's "How the Grinch Stole Christmas," and a new NBC entry, "The Cricket on the Hearth." Of course, as happened last week, it is always possible to have *The Flying Nun* conjure up a white Christmas in the tropics or send *Dragnet's* Sgt. Friday in pursuit of the scoundrel who stole the Christ child from a Nativity scene. But how much easier it is to haul out an old tape of John Huston narrating *Christ*

giving show, the next blowout viewers can presumably expect is "The King Family Ground Hog Day Special."

Yet "classics" or not, most any show that replaces the dreary situation comedy is a welcome relief. Most notably, ABC's replay of Truman Capote's *A Christmas Memory*, powered by the virtuosic performance of Geraldine Page, is one of the finest dramas ever to appear on TV, in season or out.

There was a Christmas bonus, too, as Lyndon Johnson appeared on the three networks in "Conversation with the President" and placed new emphasis on hopes for "informal talks" between Saigon and the National Liberation Front. In all, 20 minutes of the interview, mostly comments dealing with Viet Nam, were deleted from the final tape. Though some network news executives objected to the editing, it seemed not only a reasonable but also an essential request, considering the gravity of the subjects he covered. On one occasion the President, who has often said that he considered his TV

Monty Memoir," which had Field Marshal Montgomery recalling those bloody days in the North African desert 25 years ago. Among other specials in debut last week: CBS's "Flanders and Swann," a wryly amusing hour, but too familiar to anyone who had seen the British song-and-patter team on Broadway; and CBS's dramatization of Gogol's *Diary of a Madman*, which, while a triumph for French Actor Roger Coggio, who learned the English dialogue phonetically, was too lacking in action to satisfy the visual demands of TV.

The only TV drama that came to life did so in a cemetery. It was Truman Capote again who, coincidental with the national release of the film version of *Cold Blood*, adapted his short story *Among the Paths to Eden* into a bizarre yet oddly touching glimpse into the life of the lonely. Filmed entirely in a New York City cemetery, the play starred Maureen Stapleton as an old maid who spends an afternoon roaming the burial grounds on the theory that, acre for acre, it is a better place than most to meet a widowed man—and a possible suitor. When she approaches one slightly retiring fellow,

* Photographed at Lee's stage debut in *The Philadelphia Story* last spring in Chicago.

played by Martin Balsam, the dialogue casts its mood so well that it seems perfectly reasonable when she perches on his wife's tombstone and does her imitation of Helen Morgan singing a blues song. In the end, when he gently rebuffs her, she bravely goes off in search of another live one. In TV's "black week," *Paths* was the brightest Christmas gift of all.

NEWSCASTING

A Change of Screens

Before television, millions of Americans got their first visual news of the outside world from a seat in a movie theater. The lights went down, a stirring theme song swelled, and "News of the Day" or Pathé's crowing rooster flashed on the screen. Even the grimness of today's on-the-spot TV coverage of Viet Nam had parallels in the scene of an injured Chinese baby bawling in the ruins of the Japanese-bombed railway station in Shanghai, in films of Hitler's armies marching across Europe and scenes of the fall of Corregidor. Until TV showed the funeral of President Kennedy, nothing Americans saw in the newsreels had ever stirred them quite so much as the bombing of Pearl Harbor 26 years ago.

This week newsreels surrender completely to television. The movie houses in which they are shown have dwindled to less than 2,000 this year from over 10,000 in the late 1940s. While some newsreels rented for as much as \$1,000 a week in their heyday, theater managers now pay about \$50 or less. The managers find it more profitable to schedule an intermission instead of a newsreel and give patrons a chance to buy popcorn and 20¢ candy bars.

Of the five major newsreel companies in business eleven years ago, Warner Bros. (which had bought the name and original 1898 footage of Pioneer Charles Pathé) was the first to go, in 1956. A year later, Paramount News ("The Eyes and Ears of the World") went under; its library, 10 million feet of film dating from 1928, was sold to a TV film distributor. Movietone News (20th Century-Fox) stopped producing newsreels for the U.S. in 1963, though it continues to send them abroad.

PARAMOUNT PICTURES

THE EYES AND EARS OF THE WORLD

THE END

Paramount News ®

PARAMOUNT NEWS'S FINAL FRAME
Let them eat popcorn.

MGM-Hearst "News of the Day" distributed its final reels in November, and Universal News planned to call it "The End" the day after Christmas.

While they were still going strong, newsreels put many an unforgettable moment on film. During the 1929 crash, a bankrupt broker was shown plunging to his death from a Manhattan office building. Newsreel cameras recorded the assassination of Yugoslavia's King Alexander in Marseille in 1934, as well as the death of the assassin at the hands of a mob. The Normandy invasion was photographed in all its awesome spectacle and desperate tension. And then there was that time a newsman confronted John D. Rockefeller Sr. "Say something," said the newsman, grinding away. Said Rockefeller: "God bless Standard Oil."

COMICS

Mr. Warmth

Whenever Don Rickles appears in Las Vegas, showfolk flock to see him like delegates to a masochists' convention. "Come right in, Frankie," Rickles barks at Sinatra. "Make yourself at home. Hit somebody." Turning on Dean Martin, he snipes: "What do we need Italians for—all they do is keep the flies off our fish." Spotting Sammy Davis, he cries: "Look at him! You can always tell a Negro. Throw a broom on the floor and see him grab it." Wagging his finger at the hairdo on a woman at ringside, he roars: "Looks like an ad for Brillo pads."

Rickles' one-maligners may be a gas in Vegas, but for years TV would not touch him with a 10-ft. boom. Recently, however, at the insistence of Joey Bishop and Johnny Carson, Rickles was unmuzzled and allowed to fire away on the talk shows. Slicing precariously between the rude and the crude, his assaults proved so outrageously funny that he has suddenly become TV's most popular curt jester. This season he has already logged 46 guest appearances. "I was supposed to be on *The Ed Sullivan Show*," says Rickles, "but unfortunately my bear died."

"Hi, Dummy!" Actually, as TV's first stand-up put-down comic, Rickles does not work well in the tightly rehearsed format of a *Sullivan* show. The audience, not the camera, is his objective. Thus, for a recent appearance on *The Dean Martin Show*, the stage was turned into a nightclub setting and, since it is now something of an honor in Hollywood to be dishonored by Rickles, a guest roster of 23 stars turned out wearing, in effect, "kick me" signs. Rickles quickly dismissed Comic Bob Newhart as "Johnny Carson's warm-up," informed TV Actor MacDonald Carey that "I used your show as a night light," spotting boyish-looking Pat Boone, he sneered: "You still think pimples come from Hersheys?" When Bob Hope belatedly joined the group, Rickles yelped in mock astonishment: "Why is he here? Is the war over?"

JULIAN WASSER



RICKLES PERFORMING IN LAS VEGAS

Honor to be dishonored.

Stocky and sporting a full head of skin, the 41-year-old Rickles looks like a torpedo and sounds like an ack-ack gun. His delivery is as subtle as a karaate chop. Once he is rolling, he builds a momentum of laughter not so much by what he says as the way he says it. Grinning as if he were ready to eat a banana sideways, he walked on the Johnny Carson show recently, graciously greeted the other guests, sat down, turned to Carson and said, "Hi, dummy!" When Carson started to reply, he snapped: "Where does it say you butt in?" Then, with all the aplomb of a fellow playing straight man to a cobra, Carson fumblingly attempted to light Rickles' cigarette. "What's the matter?" shrieked Rickles. "Phony guy from Nebraska making millions! Can't you light a cigarette for a young Jewish boy?"

Despite his constant bad-mouthing, Rickles somehow keeps the audience on his side by playing the role of, as he explains it, "the little guy against authority." It is a technique he developed during the years he played the strip-tease joints. When the crowd yelled "Bring on the girls!" he would single out a heckler and ask: "You, sir, are you married? You never will be with that roller-derby jacket. What's your name? You don't know, you idiot—well, look inside your coat!" Or if the guy had a date, he would look at her and sadly inquire, "Was anyone else hurt in the accident?" Though Rickles has been fired from half a dozen clubs and was once sued by a woman for ridiculing her hat as "suitable for a Halloween dance," he proudly boasts that "so far I've never been slugged."

Perhaps it is because Mr. Warmth, as Carson calls him, claims he has "a sixth sense" about the fine line between good-natured ribbing and offensive ridicule. Besides, who can get angry with a guy who says: "I've never met a man I didn't dislike"?



BOSTON'S NEW CITY HALL
Verdict already rendered.

CITIES

Bold Bastion

Architects these days get plenty of practice designing schools, office skyscrapers, hotels, apartment houses and churches. They are almost never called on to design city halls—and when they are, the bureaucratic clients, scared of offending constituents with something daring, usually settle for an ordinary, commercial-looking structure.

Boston has been braver. Five years ago it embarked on a project to demolish its seamy Scollay Square area and replace it with a 60-acre, twelve-building Government Center. The focus of the whole complex, according to the site plan drawn up by I. M. Pei & Associates, was to be a brand new city hall. Determined to have a stirring design, Boston held a nationwide architecture competition* that attracted 256 entrants, and the city appropriated \$20 million for the building in advance.

Window for Complaints. The first results are now ready for viewing, and to celebrate the event, two-time Mayor John Collins (whose term expires Jan. 1) threw a housewarming for 1,500. City Hall is still five months from completion; yet Mayor Collins met with little dissent from local citizens when he boasted: "The verdict has already been rendered by all the architects who have seen it. This is the most exciting public building to be constructed in this country in this century."

The competition winners responsible for the new design are three previously almost totally unknown New York City designers teaching at Columbia: Ger-

* Though Finnish Architect Viljo Revell had won Toronto's city-hall competition four years earlier, the last contest for a municipal building in the U.S. was for San Francisco's city hall in 1909.

MODERN LIVING

hard Kallmann, Noel McKinnell and Edward Knowles. Of the three, only Knowles was then licensed to practice, and none of them had ever built a major structure of any kind before. In other words, they knew as much about what a city hall should be as most of their competitors.

"We decided to create big spaces where the people could come into contact with their government," explains Kallmann. "We wanted to draw them into it instead of letting them stand around outside." Thus, though the city hall is a bastion, it abounds in entrances, ramps, staircases, and a huge central courtyard—all suitable, as Kallmann points out, for sit-ins. Lower levels, which will have the most traffic, are reserved for public business, contain windows at which citizens can file complaints, get licenses, argue over assessments, and register to vote. Slung through the belly of the building, with hooded windows projecting outward, are the ceremonial rooms: on one side, the city council chamber; on the other, overlooking nearby historic Faneuil Hall, the mayor's office. Administrative work will be performed away from the bustle below in four projecting tiers of clerical offices that serve as the building's lid.

Rough & Tough. With every structural detail baldly visible, from the exposed air-conditioning ducts in the ceilings to the marks of the wooden forms on the poured concrete piers, the new city hall is more bold than beautiful. But it possesses a rough-and-tough force and assertiveness that Jack Kennedy might, with his Boston accent, have called "vigah." Predictably, it has drawn its quota of quips, being labeled variously "the blockhouse," "an upside-down pagoda," and "the tomb of Cheops." But informal polls indicate that an increasing number of secretaries and taxi drivers are coming to like it. The architects hope that with time the city hall will accumulate the usual collection of flags and trophies. "It should bear the marks of the people who use it," says McKinnell. And Kallmann thinks that the building is ready for all the coming wear and tear. Says he confidently: "It isn't so delicate that it can't take it."

Shape-Up on the Waterfront

Another example of urban negligence has long been the waterfront, the city's forgotten edge where old warehouses and factories stand abandoned and disintegrating. But lately across the U.S., the waterfront has begun to shape up. Architects always realized that the aging brick warehouses had character. Now planners and investors are taking advantage of their no-nonsense style and vast space and are remodeling them—rather than tearing them down—to

make roomy apartments and lively shopping areas.

Boston has already revitalized much of its wharf area. In St. Louis, preservationists have presented plans to save from urban removal several cast-iron-front buildings north of the Jefferson Memorial Gateway Arch. And in Seattle, a vociferous citizens' group called "Friends of the Market" is winning its fight to resuscitate the flavorful but financially fading Farmer's Market on Puget Sound as an area for art galleries, shops and boutiques.

Out of the Chocolate Factory. No city has put more new life in the old waterfront than San Francisco. The move started in 1958, when a little-known import store called Cost Plus rented 4,000 sq. ft. of warehouse space next to Fisherman's Wharf to sell off its large inventory of rattan furniture. Shoppers were so charmed that the "sale" is still going on. Today, Cost Plus stocks 12,500 items (from Portuguese glass to South Pacific whale meat) from 47 countries, draws 25,000 customers weekly—and has spread out into six remodeled buildings, including a former glue factory, ship chandlery and marble works.

Just up the hill from Cost Plus is Ghirardelli Square, a festive complex of shops and restaurants carved out of an old chocolate factory by Architects Wurster, Bernardi & Emmons. Matson Line Heirs Mrs. William P. Roth and her son have spent \$10 million on the project, lured such prestige tenants as Design Research and Trader Vic Bergeron, who put in a Mexican restaurant called Señor Pico's. Now the Roths are expanding further into an adjacent woolen mill.



SAN FRANCISCO'S CANNERY
Noose to know what

Closed in Self-Defense. Newest element in San Francisco's revitalized waterfront is The Cannery, another lively block of shops and restaurants across the street from Fisherman's Wharf. "I had a sense of smell," explains Leonard V. Martin, 47, a wealthy Manchurian-born lawyer, who bought the abandoned Del Monte peach cannery in 1963. Martin's nose told him that what San Francisco needed was sidewalk cafés and more offbeat shops, and, with Architect Joseph Esherick, he set out to provide them.

"Old buildings should be approached with a sense of humor," says Esherick. For fun, he split the massive factory in two with a zigzagging Italianate alley, designed a mysterious maze of stairways and pedestrian bridges. Martin, an unabashed eclectic, has refurbished an old Fifth Avenue double-decker bus for neighborhood excursions, is leasing a 13th century Moorish ceiling to one of the ladies' specialty shops. From the estate of William Randolph Hearst, he has purchased a 95-ft.-long oak-paneled gallery, said to have been designed by Inigo Jones and built by Queen Elizabeth I for her Ambassador to France, and installed it in The Cannery's English Pub.

Martin keeps The Cannery open seven days a week. And he has something for everyone, including a side show, the Penguin Stadium, where for 75¢ a visitor can watch a troupe of Humboldt penguins from Peru play at baseball to the tune of Bach's Brandenburg concertos. It all works. After scarcely a month in business, The Cannery has become such an attraction that, with weekend customers swarming through 20,000 strong, the Splendiferous boutique has decided to close Sundays in self-defense, and Martin is planning to triple the size of the parking lot.

TED STRESHINSKY



AND REDEVELOPER MARTIN
needed to be done.

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THE LAW

TRIALS

Reliving a Murder

In a Topeka, Kans., courtroom last week, the lights were flicked off and judge and jury sat enthralled as a deadly serious story began to unfold on TV screens in front of them. The central figure, Thomas Kidwell, 47, had already been convicted of the murder of his promiscuous wife—although he could not remember much about what had happened before he was found in his wrecked car with her nude body on the floor.

At his first trial last February, the prosecution offered a compelling reconstruction. Kidwell was angry at his wife because she wanted an annulment of

MENNIGER FOUNDATION



KIDWELL ON TAPE

Never in a million years without it.

the year-old marriage. They argued and took a drive. Police witnesses then testified that Kidwell's wife had been shot four times in the heart either after or before he had intercourse with her. Afterward, the prosecution version continued, Kidwell shot himself twice in the chest in a suicide attempt. The first jury believed the prosecution and convicted Kidwell of first-degree murder. But at last week's second trial, granted because of errors committed at the first, the essential ingredient was something new—an hour-long video tape of Kidwell reliving the murder under the influence of a drug.

In the Skin. Video tape has only just begun its legal career (TIME, Dec. 22), and its Topeka appearance was apparently the second time that one has ever been viewed in court by a judge in the U.S. But the tape is not likely to be surpassed soon for dramatic impact. In preparation for the second trial, Kidwell's lawyer had sent him to the nearby Menninger Clinic in the hope that he would tell doctors there a clearer story about the murder night than he had yet told anyone else. Psychiatrist Jo-

seph Satten, chief of Menninger's law and psychiatry division, decided to try sodium amobarbital, which, though not a truth drug, can help a patient relive a traumatic experience he is unconsciously trying to avoid. Dr. Satten also decided to put the results on videotape for a study of criminals that the clinic was in the process of making.

The prosecution, amazed by what the tape showed, asked the judge to take the highly unusual step of showing it to the jury as the trial's first piece of business. There, on tape, was Kidwell, lying on a couch in an undershirt and slacks. As the drug took hold, he was instructed to begin counting backward from 100. When the count faltered, he was guided by questions from Dr. Satten until he was obviously back with his wife in the murder car, apparently reliving what had happened. He and she "were having a lot of fun," he said. Then, he remembered, she started talking about a former husband's sexual prowess. "A big man in bed," mumbled Kidwell. "Couldn't support his kids, that son of a bitch."

Suddenly, he sucked in his breath and grabbed at his chest. To those seeing Kidwell's reaction on tape, it seemed plain that he was re-experiencing being shot by his wife. Swearing with pain, he forgave her ("It ain't hurt nothing, it's in the skin"), then cursed her. Finally, his jumbled words conveyed that he had got the gun and shot her.

Unconscious Reporting. The complete story was still somewhat fuzzy, but to anyone seeing the tape, it seemed clear that whatever else may have happened, Kidwell's unconscious was reporting that his wife shot him first. When he saw it during a pretrial screening, the prosecuting attorney decided to reduce the charge to first-degree manslaughter; the defense agreed to plead guilty to that charge. Noting that "I think courts have to use the best devices available," Judge William Carpenter, 35, agreed to allow the tape to be shown to the jury, after which the manslaughter plea was accepted. Kidwell now faces a five-to-30-year sentence (which could be suspended entirely) instead of the life sentence he received at his first trial. Awed at "the value of the tape in conveying the genuineness of the experience," Dr. Satten noted later that "never in a million years on the witness stand could I have had the eloquence and skill in testifying demonstrated by that tape."

Quick Cure for a Killer

There was no doubt that in April 1965, in San Antonio, Raymond Sledge shotgunned his ex-wife and her husband to death in front of witnesses. The jury's only problem was to decide whether he was sane or insane. Two psychiatrist witnesses, Dr. Alfred Hill and Dr. James Paul McNeill, agreed that

he was in a paranoid state, that he had been and still was insane. Dr. Hill said that he was not treatable, was potentially dangerous, and "should not be permitted to have freedom again in his adult life." Dr. McNeill warned that under treatment, Sledge would appear to improve, but "even with therapy over a period of time the true cause would not be eradicated." The jury was impressed. Sledge was found insane and committed to Rusk State Hospital for what seemed certain to be the rest of his life.

That was 19 months ago. Last week Sledge was free. His attorneys had asked for a new sanity hearing, and in August Dr. Hill ignored his previous opinion and testified that Sledge "is, today, not a potentially dangerous criminal." The hearing ended with a hung jury, and another was held this month. At that one, Dr. McNeill also changed his mind. Forgetting his warning, he stated that Sledge was now of sound mind and sane. No contradictory testimony was offered by any state witnesses, and the jury had little choice but to free the killer. Sane enough at least not to push his luck, Sledge immediately left the state.

DECISIONS

Marijuana Is Still Illegal

After six months of preparation, Lawyer Joseph Oteri began in September the most thoroughgoing legal attack on anti-marijuana laws ever made. In seeking to have Massachusetts' marijuana statutes declared unconstitutional, Oteri and ten expert witnesses from the U.S. and abroad raised every conceivable medical, moral and legal argument against restriction of the drug. The state, with eight experts of its own, waged an equally impressive counteroffensive. The stage was a pretrial hearing for two college dropouts accused of possession of the drug with intent to sell. Last week, after consideration of the case for three months, Superior Court Chief Justice G. Joseph Tauro upheld the laws. In a 31-page opinion that even pot smokers would have to admire for restraint and thoughtfulness, Judge Tauro carefully explained his conclusions.

"It is my opinion," he wrote, "based on the evidence presented at this hearing, that marijuana is a harmful and dangerous drug." In fact, "as far as I can ascertain, its only purpose is the induction of a state of intoxication or euphoria. The drug has a great attraction for young men and women of college age or less during their formative years, when they should be gaining the education and experiences upon which to build their future lives. The use of the drug allows them to avoid the resolution of their underlying problems rather than confront them realistically. While marijuana is not physically addictive in the sense that heroin is, it can cause psychological depen-

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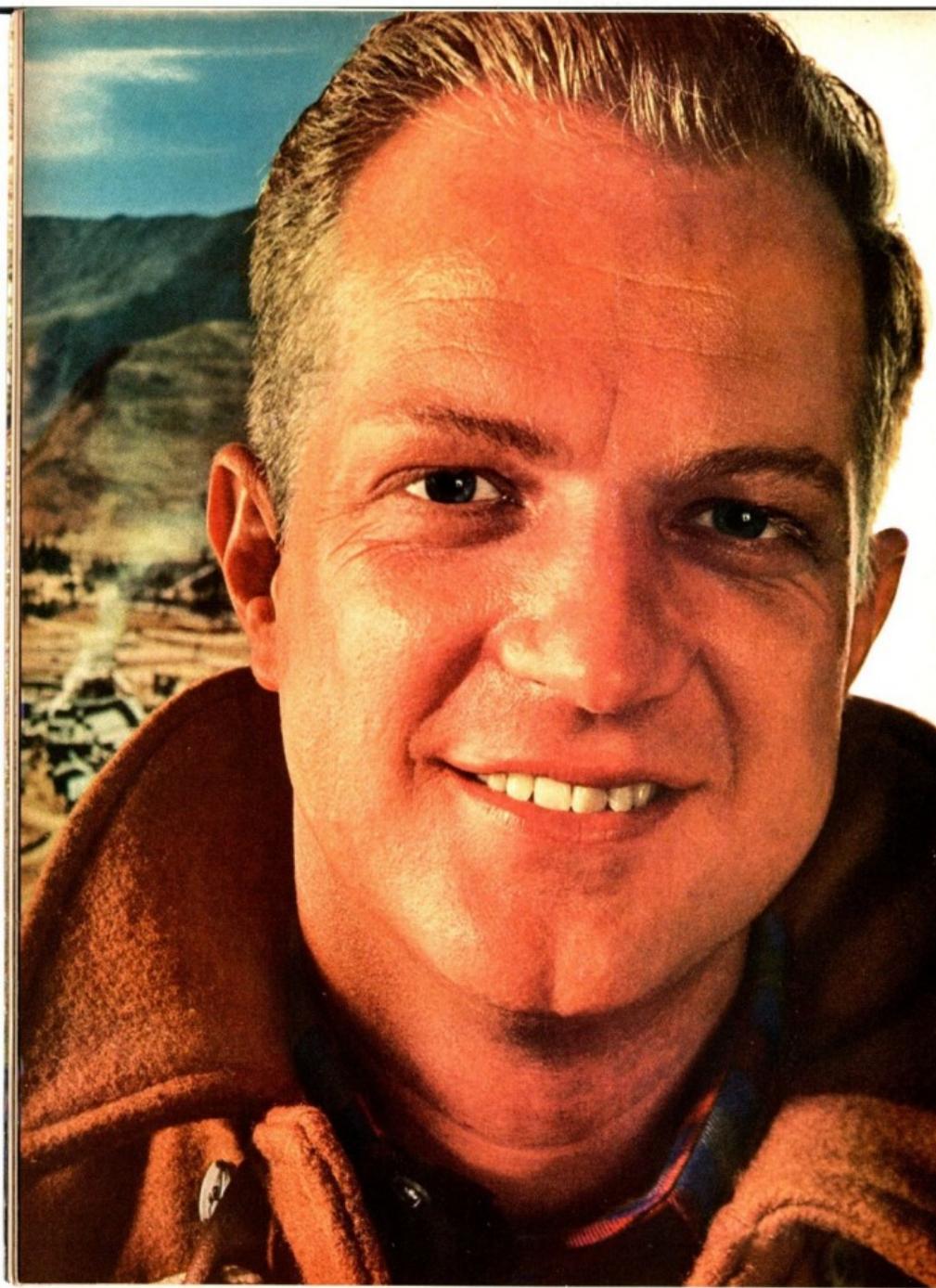
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Cyclone GT fastback (above right).
Montego MX 2-door hardtop (foreground).





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dence." Moreover, "although no definitive link of efficient causality can be demonstrated with scientific exactness at present, the coincidence between addiction to 'hard' narcotics, crime and promiscuity is too great to be passed off as merely accidental."

Insidious Compensation. Having satisfied himself as to pot's dangers, Judge Tauro went on to find that the penalties provided "are not unconstitutional as being cruel and unusual." This, he thought, was particularly true of the penalties that are provided for pushers. As for the alleged similarity between alcohol and marijuana, the judge was not persuaded. While alcohol is an intoxicant, it is also a relaxant, he said; marijuana is used only to intoxicate—a



JUDGE TAURO

Even pot lovers could admire.

judgment with which some users would disagree.

He concluded by noting that "unfortunately, many marijuana users do not have the same apprehension or fear concerning its use as they do of the physically addictive drugs. This, I feel, is one of the real dangers which permeates the problem. Marijuana is likely to be used, at least initially, as a lark, as an adventure without fear of serious consequences. Thus, the first and apparently innocuous step may be taken in a succession of others possibly leading to drastic results."

"Its users may not be driven to its repeated use by a physical craving, but they may come to resort to it habitually in order to compensate for real or imagined inadequacies or to avoid real or imagined problems. This pernicious and insidious form of addiction is sometimes the first step in the direction of the more potent or physically addictive drugs. Its use is not so much a symbol of dissent in order to effectuate changes in our social system, but rather a manifestation of a selfish withdrawal from society."

THE SUPREME COURT Unplugging Bugging

Last June the Supreme Court seemed to impose so many restrictions on electronic eavesdropping that it was impossible to bug constitutionally. Last week the court ruled that eavesdropping was constitutional after all—within certain narrowly defined limits. In a refreshingly clean and straightforward opinion, Justice Potter Stewart knocked down a few outdated concepts and set out the court's new guidelines for permissible bugging.

To begin with, said Stewart, it makes no difference whether the bugging is in a private home or a public phone booth. The Fourth Amendment's ban against unreasonable search and seizure, he said, "protects people, not places." Stewart was equally unimpressed with the hoary doctrine requiring actual physical trespass before the Constitution is violated. Noting that today's electronic devices have completely eliminated any need to trespass, he held that the reach of the Fourth Amendment "cannot turn upon the presence or absence of a physical intrusion."

Without Warrant. The case in point concerned a small-time Los Angeles gambler, Charles Katz, whose calls from a public phone booth had been bugged by the FBI without a warrant and with a device that had been taped to the top of the booth to avoid the trespass disability. Stewart conceded for the sake of argument that the FBI agents did not bug until they had good reason to believe that Katz was using the phone to violate federal law; then they were careful to listen only to Katz and to stop as soon as they had collected what they were listening for.

"It is clear," Stewart went on, "that this surveillance was so narrowly circumscribed that a duly authorized magistrate, properly notified of the need for such investigation, specifically informed of the basis on which it was to proceed and clearly apprised of the precise intrusion it would entail, could constitutionally have authorized the very limited search and seizure that the Government asserts took place." The problem—and the reason that Katz's conviction was reversed—was that no warrant was obtained.

The 7-to-1 decision almost certainly reopened the way to carefully controlled eavesdropping. What will now become known as the *Katz* rule holds that eavesdropping is constitutionally acceptable if the eavesdropper obtains a warrant by showing probable cause to a proper judicial authority. Then, during the bugging, he must observe the precise limits outlined by the court when the warrant was obtained, and finally, he must report back to the court on just what was overheard as a result of the surveillance. But the court did not say anything that would keep him from using any of the dozens of new, sophisticated devices.

MILESTONES

Died. Louis Washkansky, 55, recipient of the world's first transplanted human heart; in Cape Town, South Africa (see MEDICINE).

Died. Harold Holt, 59, Prime Minister of Australia (see THE WORLD).

Died. Stuart Erwin, 64, Hollywood and TV's most lovable boob; of a heart attack; in Beverly Hills. "Give me a nice goofy part any time," said Stu, and directors obliged with a lifetime of country bumpkins, soup-spilling waiters, and every other kind of all-American dope; critics applauded his rustic milkman in 1940's *Our Town*, his whimsical postman in 1942's *Mr. Sycamore* and, most recently, his performance in TV's *The Trouble with Father*.

Died. Stanley Stein, 68, crusader for public understanding of leprosy; of kidney failure; in Carville, La. Blinded by leprosy and confined to the U.S. Public Health Hospital at Carville, Stein founded in 1941 a bi-monthly magazine, the *Star* (circ. 25,000), to explain that leprosy is an arrestable and rarely contagious disease, and because of his efforts, Carville's patients now may vote and take a month's leave each year. Perhaps most important, he convinced the U.S. Government to abolish the dread word leper and use the term Hansen's disease.

Died. Alfred Jacobsen, 77, longtime (1929-65) boss of Amerada Petroleum Corp., biggest U.S. independent producer; of a heart attack; in Manhattan. "If you haven't the courage to lose," he warned, "stay out of oil." For Jacobsen (TIME cover, Dec. 1, 1952), the dry holes were few and far between; pioneering use of gravitational devices and seismographs, he found more oil than almost anyone else, uncorking in 1951 the massive fields in North Dakota's Williston Basin—deposits that swelled Amerada's annual net profit to \$57.2 million by retirement in 1965.

Died. Carmen Melis, 82, celebrated Italian soprano; of heart disease; in Longone Al Segrino, Italy. One of the alltime great interpreters of Puccini, she toured the world from 1902 to 1935, blending her spine-tingling voice with those of Enrico Caruso and Titta Ruffo in such operas as *La Bohème*, *Tosca* and *Manon*.

Died. Mary Willis Sinclair, 85, third wife of Author Upton Sinclair, a genteel Southern lady, whom he married in 1961, seven months after the death of his second wife; of cancer; in Washington, D.C. Said Sinclair after the wedding: "First she said she wouldn't, then she said she couldn't, then she said I'll see." Replied Mary: "I didn't want him to have a child bride."

SPORT

FOOTBALL

Four at the Heart

If anybody really believes that a good offense is the best defense, he should have a chat with Johnny Unitas, quarterback of the Baltimore Colts and the best passer in the National Football League. Johnny U. is easily the most offensive player in pro football. Twice, he has led his team to the N.F.L. championship, three times he has been named the league's Most Valuable Player, and the yardage he has gained on passes in twelve years adds up to more than 18 miles. But all that did Unitas little good against the Los Angeles Rams last week.

In what had to be the worst 60 minutes of his lustrous career, Unitas spent most of the afternoon running for his life from one of the fiercest defenses in pro football. Seven times the Ram defenders dropped him for losses; twice he was intercepted. At the gun, the high-scoring (28 points per game) Colts had 10 points v. 34 for the Rams, who thereby sewed up the N.F.L.'s Coastal Division championship and earned the right to play the Green Bay Packers for the Western Conference title.

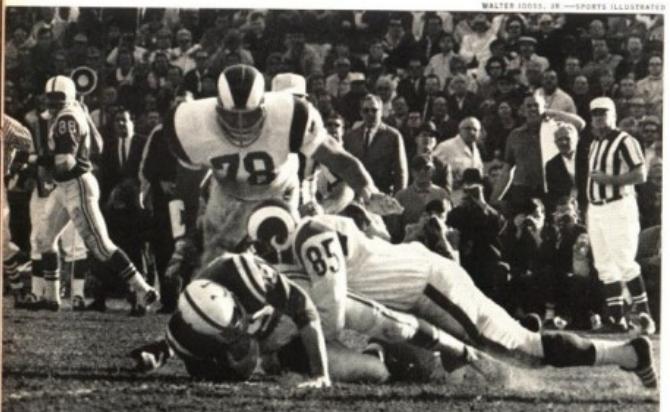
That game—and dozens like it in 1967—pointed up an increasingly apparent fact of pro football these days. That the defense, after years of playing patsy to the razzle-dazzle offense, is catching up fast and getting off some dazzling shots of its own. The coaches know it. After all, Green Bay's Vince Lombardi has always insisted that "defense is the most important part of the game." Now they are beginning to make believers of the fans. As the Rams trotted out of the Los Angeles Coliseum last week, the standing ovation was not so much for Quarterback Roman Ga-

briel, who threw three touchdown passes, but for the eleven battered defense men who got him the ball.

Heroes in the Pits. Not that there haven't been defensive stars before. Washington Redskins Linebacker Sam Huff has been a popular figure for years, and Larry Wilson of the St. Louis Cardinals practically holds the patent on the safety blitz. But they are the visible parts of the defense. What six-year-old could fail to spot a blitzing safety man or cheer a cornerback's one-handed interception. The difference is that knowledgeable football buffs have now found a whole new pantheon of heroes in the heart of the defense: the front four linemen, the immense tackles and ends who fight their battles in what the pros call "the Pit." It is an arena that measures only about eight yards by two yards. But it is the place, as ex-Halfback Frank Gifford says, "where it all happens, where football games are won or lost." And the campaigns waged there are as skilled and complex as anything in sport.

In the old days, seven stalwarts manned a defensive line, and they did not have to be particularly mobile or particularly intelligent—just particularly immovable. Then in the 1950s, as offense became more sophisticated and the pass became a primary weapon, the New York Giants hit on the "four-three" defense: a four-man forward wall buttressed by three linebackers. The conversion of three linemen into secondary defenders provided extra coverage of pass receivers, but it also left four men to do the job of seven in rushing the passer and shutting off the run. Suddenly, defensive linemen had to be bigger, faster and infinitely smarter. Suddenly, defense had to be a science.

WALTER LIEKES, JR.—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



RAMS LUNDY (85) & BROWN (78) FLATTENING COLTS' UNITAS
A little like detecting subatomic particles.

Listening to one of today's linemen discuss his duties is a little like listening to a physicist describe some new process for detecting subatomic particles. "Our defense basically revolves around the concept of playing keys," says Tackle Henry Jordan, who together with Ends Willie Davis and Lionel Aldridge and Tackle Ron Kostelnik forms the front four of the Green Bay Packers. "We move with them all the time. On a trap play, for example, Aldridge's opposing tackle will fake a pass block by going for our middle linebacker. Now I've moved with my key, the offensive guard, so I'm trapped by him. Then Aldridge will move with his key when he sees him going for the linebacker. If Lionel had simply crashed straight ahead, he would have been trapped by the guard who has pulled and come across. But instead he has moved into the hole by following the tackle, and thus has fouled up the trap."

Hunches & Knuckles. It sounds like utter gobbledegook until Jordan explains what he means by "playing keys." In simplest terms, it means to study an opponent, searching for clues to his intentions, then outmaneuvering him to break up the play. It can be as simple as noting the direction of an enemy lineman's charge—and divining that the play will go the opposite way. It can also be pretty cute. "When an offensive guard comes up to the line," says Tackle Ray Jacobs of the American Football League's Miami Dolphins, "I watch the way he sets himself. Some guys lean back on their haunches, which means that they're either going to pull for a run or go back for a pass protection." Tackle Alex Karras of the N.F.L.'s Detroit Lions examines opponents' knuckles. If the knuckles are white, they intend to block forward and the play is a run; if the knuckles are pink, the play is probably a pass.

Once he reads his key and analyzes the play, the defensive lineman reacts—and reacts fast, trying to beat his opponent to the block, catch him off-balance, squirt past him before he can plant himself. To confuse blockers, defenders will "stunt," or loop around each other; they may charge high to hurdle a block, or duck low to "submarine" under. They clutch at shoulder pads and jerseys, trying to spin blockers aside and clear a path to the ball-carrier. They have, in fact, become so adept at slipping blocks that not even the punter, standing 15 yds. back of the line of scrimmage, is safe any more. Kickers who used to count on 1.5 sec. to get the ball away now find that they must boot it within 1.2 sec.; this season in the N.F.L., no fewer than ten punts and 28 field-goal attempts have been deflected by onrushing defenders.

If a defensive lineman can't beat a blocker with finesse, there is always brutality. A favorite trick is the "vacuum pop"—clapping his hands over the earholes of an offensive player's helmet. Another is the karate chop, delivered with a beefy forearm encased in layers



RAMS BLOCKING GREEN BAY PUNT
Unsafe at any distance.

of tape. "You try not to let it get too personal," says Defensive End Sam Williams of the Atlanta Falcons. "But what the up-front struggle really amounts to is an angry, private little war between two people."

Rogue Elephants. In their more poetic moments, sportswriters liken the line play to an "elephants' ballet." The elephant part is accurate. The Los Angeles Rams' "Fearsome Foursome" weighs about 1,100 lbs. between them. Left End David ("Deacon") Jones, 29, stands 6 ft. 5 in., weighs 260 lbs., and runs the 100 in 10 sec. flat. The Rams' right end, Lamar Lundy, 32 (6 ft. 7 in., 260 lbs.), appears briefly in the movie version of *In Cold Blood* as a motorist who offers a lift to two hitchhiking murderers: they take one look at him and turn down the ride. Right Tackle Roger Brown, 30, operates on the theory that "the opposing team hates me and is trying to cut off my career, so I'm going to hurt them first"—and at 6 ft. 5 in. and 295 lbs., it hurts a lot. Left Tackle Merlin Olsen, 27 (6 ft. 5 in., 275 lbs.), is the intellectual of the bunch: he is writing his master's thesis on "The World Sugar Crisis," and says: "Racking up quarterbacks is exciting. I like to bloody them up a little."

By exact count, Olsen and his chums have nailed enemy quarterbacks behind the line of scrimmage no less than 43 times this year, and they have allowed opposing runners an average of only 3.1 yds. per carry. "Some day," says Merlin, "the four of us want to play the perfect game: allow them no points and minus yards on the ground, and even off their passing yardage by dumping their quarterback."

Los Angeles' front four may be rated the best in pro football, but there are other individual linemen around the leagues who are every bit as tough, as

talented, as respected—and as feared.

- **GREEN BAY'S WILLIE DAVIS**, 33, a five-time All-Pro and the Packers' defensive captain is small (6 ft. 3 in., 245 lbs.), as defensive ends go, but what he lacks in size he more than makes up in speed and an uncanny ability to read opponents' moves. "Willie is so quick," marvels Pittsburgh's defensive coach, LaVern Torgeson, "that he's on the blocker before he can get set. And when he makes a mistake he's one of the few players who can recover in time to make the tackle."

- **KANSAS CITY'S ERNIE LADD**, 29, and Buck Buchanan, 27, are quite a pair. Right Tackle Ladd is 6 ft. 9 in. and 315 lbs.; Left Tackle Buchanan stands 6 ft. 7 in. and 287 lbs. Traded to the Chiefs by the Houston Oilers earlier this season, Ladd can dead-lift 700 lbs., and "when he hits you," says Guard Charlie Long of the Boston Patriots, "he crosses your eyes." Buchanan is no less brutal, but "he doesn't rely totally on power," says Long. "He has a lot of tricks he tries to work on you."

- **DALLAS' BOB LILLY**, 28, has a simple enough philosophy of defense: "Go in, grab the guy and throw him." But he plays for Cowboy Coach Tom Landry, one of football's most brilliant defensive strategists, and that makes things pretty complicated. "We run everything through a computer here," says Lilly. "We know, say, that the other team has been successful on 60% of its passes inside our 20. We talk these things over, and we work on them." A 6-ft.-5-in., 260-pounder, Lilly is regarded as one of the two best defensive tackles in the N.F.L. (the other: Los Angeles' Olsen); in one game against Pittsburgh last year, he personally decked the Steelers' quarterback six times.

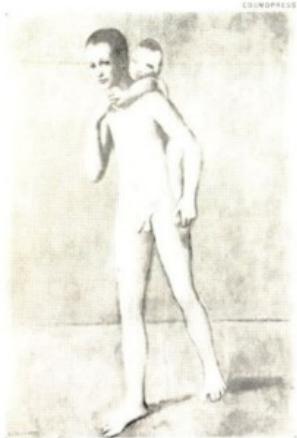
- **PITTSBURGH'S JOHN BAKER**, 32, is a courtly, composed, pipe-smoking giant (6 ft. 6 in., 265 lbs.) who works as a North Carolina prison-recreation supervisor during the off season. But his penchant for mayhem is well documented. "The dream of every defensive lineman," says Tackle Baker, "is to put the quarterback to sleep," and in 1964 he "laid the wood" to New York Quarterback Y. A. Tittle so solidly that he effectively ended Tittle's career.

Although the mobile monsters who bulwark today's pro defenses are truly remarkable athletes, they are by no means the ultimate. Pro linemen will get bigger and faster yet: Oakland right now is grooming a 7-ft., 300-lb. rookie tackle named Richard Sligh, and the Baltimore Colts have yet to make room in their starting line-up for 6-ft., 7-in., 295-lb. Bubba Smith, their No. 1 draft choice last year. The Colts may be looking even farther ahead. Posted on their rubdown-room wall is a photograph of another pretty fearsome foursome who held down the line for Santa Barbara, Calif., High School this fall. Their weights: 230 lbs., 263 lbs., 312 lbs., and 447 lbs.—for an average of 313 lbs. per growing boy.

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PICASSO'S "TWO BROTHERS"

The airline hit bottom, but the thermometer hit the top.

ART

MUSEUMS

Putting Pablo to the Vote

The pride of the Basel Museum of Art in Switzerland has long been two fine Picassos, *Two Brothers* (1905) and *Seated Harlequin* (1923). They had been on loan from the local Staechelin Foundation for 20 years. The museum more or less assumed that they were there to stay—together with a dozen impressionists and postimpressionists that, in the eyes of some collectors, are even more valuable. Unfortunately, last spring a plane belonging to a charter airline controlled by Peter Staechelin crashed, claiming 126 lives. As a result of lawsuits, the airline went bankrupt. To raise funds, Peter Staechelin persuaded the foundation, of which he was a principal officer, to put the two Picassos up for sale.

Consternation reigned at the Basel Museum. The foundation intimated that a wealthy American had offered \$2,560,000 for the Picassos, but for the sake of sentiment, it would be willing to let the museum have them for a mere \$1,950,000. The museum's annual acquisitions fund is only \$65,000, but the Basel city government voted to contribute \$1,372,000, provided that the remaining \$578,000 could be raised from private sources. Dozens of townsfolk pitched in to raise the money, schoolchildren canvassed the streets, artists offered paintings and pottery for sale at a street fair, and the city's chemical industry, one of the biggest and richest in Europe, came to the rescue with a generous donation of \$342,000. The "Contributions Thermometer" outside the museum speedily rose until



"SEATED HARLEQUIN"

it shot \$45,000 above the required mark, but a number of staid Swiss violently dissented. Some felt that the city's funds would be better used for hospitals and schools, while others simply disliked Staechelin (many a Basler had owned stock in the airline, and many others lost their jobs when it went bankrupt). The anti-Picasso faction drummed up enough signatures on a petition to force a referendum. After a spirited campaign, the city opted last week to buy the Picassos by a vote of 32,118 to 27,190. With the money assured, the city government cannily required the foundation, as part of the final transaction, to leave the impressionists and postimpressionists on loan for the next 15 years. And Picasso himself was so touched that he announced "a little surprise" gift from his private collection: a Rose Period oil called *La Famille*, two big, brand-new Picassos done in his contemporary style, and a water-color study for his first cubist work, *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon*, a painting which shocked some of his fellow artists but which changed the course of art history when he painted it in 1907.

Anatomy Lessons & Elephant Tusks

In today's overcrowded art market, the museum director in search of new acquisitions finds himself in much the same position as a stockbroker in a runaway bull market. If he buys the current favorites, he will get popular pictures—an inflated price. The cheaper but far riskier alternative is to buy undervalued art of a period or artist not yet discovered or out of fashion. This

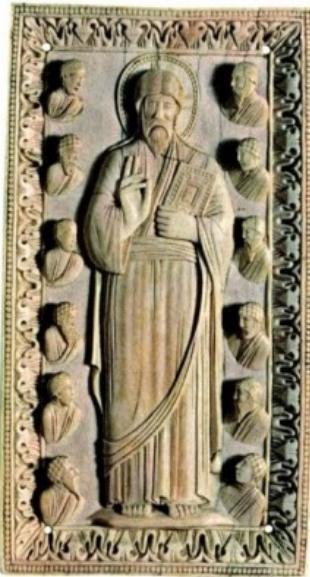
is the course chosen by Director Sherman Lee of Cleveland's Museum of Art, who invested the museum's \$1,731,557 purchase fund for 1967 in 132 different works.

All now on display, they range from a turquoise pre-Columbian mask from the Mixtec culture of Mexico (A.D. 1220) to a bargain Rembrandt, *An Old Man Praying*. The Rembrandt was picked up for an estimated \$500,000 because other buyers were distracted by the painting's murky appearance (Cleveland has since removed the layers of umber-tinted varnish, bringing the Rembrandt back to mint condition, and dumbfounding Dutch experts who had seen it before and after cleaning). Even choicer to the connoisseur's eye are Cleveland's two ivories and, rarest of all, an engraving by Antonio Pollaiuolo (*see color opposite*).

Skinned Cadavers. The tusk of the full-grown elephant, which can grow up to six feet long and weigh as much as 50 lbs., was valued on a par with jade and gold by the early Chinese, who carved it into intricate designs and tiny plaques. Cleveland's finely chiseled plaque of Christ with the twelve Apostles, probably intended for a book cover and executed in Germany around A.D. 970, shortly after Otto the Great founded the Holy Roman Empire, is an unusual example that shows how Ottoman workshops combined early Christian design with Saxon severity. Seven centuries later, Adam Lenckhardt used a single tusk of ivory to create a 17-in.-tall *Descent from the Cross*. Commissioned by the 17th century Prince Eusebius von Liechtenstein, the piece is unsurpassed among baroque ivory groups, according to Director Lee. It is notable for its dulcet softness, subtlety and exquisite craftsmanship.

Lenckhardt's realistic anatomy owes much to pioneering Renaissance draftsmen like the 15th century Florentine Pollaiuolo (1432-98). The painter, sculptor and jeweler daringly studied and depicted muscles and organs of skinned cadavers in an era when the church still frowned on dissection. His *Battle of Naked Men* is essentially a swashbuckling anatomy lesson, with its mythological figures ingeniously posed to show off the male body in as many positions as possible. There is no question that Pollaiuolo, one of the earliest artists to try his hand at engraving, considered the finished work extraordinary. It was the first print to which he signed his full name, and scholars have called it the first great Italian engraving. And making its copy all the more valuable, Cleveland now possesses the only unworked first-state impression known to have survived. Though the museum is reliably reported to have paid no more than \$50,000 for its Pollaiuolo, rival graphics curators enviously estimate that it could very possibly bring up to \$100,000 at auction—which would be an alltime record for a print.

CLEVELAND'S
NEW DIADEM

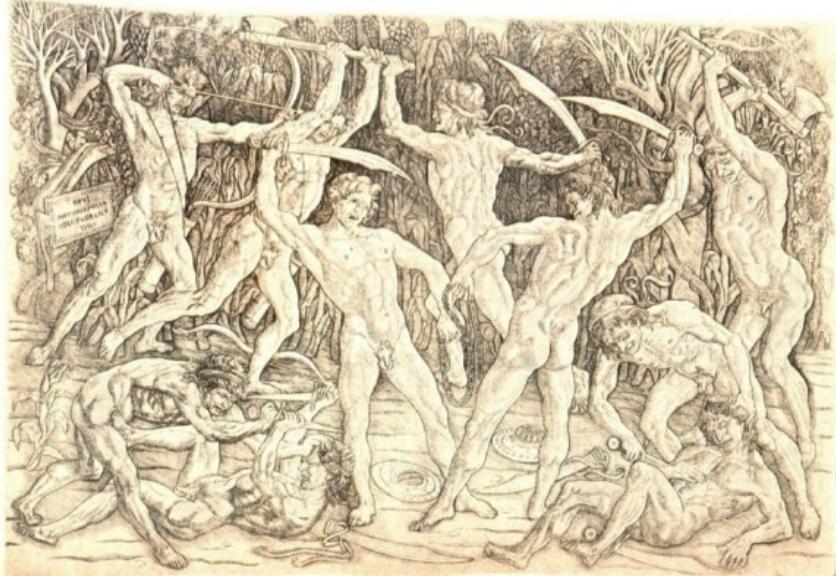


MEDIEVAL IVORY CHRIST (970)



LENCKHARDT'S "DESCENT" (1653)

POLLAIUOLO'S "BATTLE OF NAKED MEN" (1470)



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THE PRESS

NEWSPAPERS

Not the Right to Know

But to Know What's Right

Japanese students rioted by the tens of thousands in 1960 over the renewal of the U.S. mutual security treaty, and the nation's press egged them on with inflammatory stories and editorials. Last October the students once again took to the streets to protest Prime Minister Eisaku Sato's trip to Viet Nam. But if history repeated itself, the press did not. It reported the rioting with obvious distress and admonished the students to restrain themselves. Said Asahi, Japan's biggest daily: "The students have forgotten that a social movement will not get on the right track unless it is accepted by public opinion. This has resulted in excessive actions and in their becoming more and more isolated."

The change in tone was not the result of a change of editorial opinion. Japanese newsmen and editors share the students' aversion to the Viet Nam war and to Japanese rearmament.⁹ But since World War II, Japan's press has been scrupulously attentive to public opinion—and that opinion now is dead-set against continuing violence in the streets. As Japan has revived and boomed in the postwar years, the press has conceived its role to be one of establishing a consensus, of strengthening the bonds of society. If the motivation of the Western press is the right to know, the basis of the Japanese press is to know what's right. "The 1960 rioting was a great lesson," Asahi Managing Editor Kikuo Tashiro told TIME's Tokyo Bureau Chief Jerrold L. Schechter last week. "At that time, most of the people were moved by emotion and sentiment rather than any basic understanding of the issues. Since then, they have become much more mature politically, and the press has reflected this."

Keeping Up With TV. In becoming more mature, Japan's press has not lost any momentum. On the contrary, it is in sounder shape than ever before. Though there are some 25 million television sets in Japan—more than in any other country except the U.S.—newspaper circulation has been growing, and no major newspapers have folded in the past decade. Five Tokyo-based national newspapers blanket the country: Asahi (circ. 5.1 million), Yomiuri (4.6 million), Mainichi (4,000,000), Sankei (1.9 million) and Nihon Keizai (930,000). Putting out 42 daily editions, Asahi has 2,000 editorial staffers, 295 domestic bureaus and 24 correspondents overseas. Journalism is a profession with prestige in Japan, and papers are swamped with job applicants. This year Asahi picked the cream of 30 from a crop of 1,500 job seekers.

⁹ Japan's constitution, drawn up by General Douglas MacArthur, forbids rearmament for any purpose except "self-defense."

Individual initiative is played down in the Japanese press; the emphasis is on group effort. Perhaps the most technologically advanced press corps in the world, Japanese newsmen smoothly synchronize airplanes, helicopters and walkie-talkies to get the news out fast. Recently, they have started using news cars equipped with darkrooms and radio transmission units that can flash pictures from the scene of a story to the home office. With its sense of group responsibility, the Japanese press displays a humility lacking in other nations' newsmen. When U.S. Ambassador Edwin Reischauer scolded the press for biased coverage of Viet Nam, they did not take umbrage at this interference.



TIBETAN EXHIBITION OPENING*

To strengthen the bonds and establish a consensus.

Rather, they accepted the reprimand as a "cause for self-reflection."

Night Ambush. Press solidarity is reinforced by a system of press clubs. Separate clubs are formed around the Prime Minister, each Cabinet member, the Diet, the political parties, the police department. Only club members may attend press conferences and briefings. Foreign correspondents are excluded altogether—much to their exasperation. The clubs have special rituals, such as the "night ambush." Around 11 p.m., the members descend on their source at his home or office, extract from him the latest news and rush it off for the final editions. Anyone who breaks club rules is disciplined. When a reporter once got an exclusive interview with Sato without his club's permission, he was banned from briefings with the Prime Minister for a week.

The papers are not content with merely covering the news. They sponsor a host of outside activities, from art shows

* With Dalai Lama at left and Yomiuri President Shoriki second from right.

to concerts to baseball games. Nearly every paper employs staffers for special projects; Yomiuri has 150, double the number of its foreign news staff. Yomiuri owns a symphony orchestra and professional baseball team, the Tokyo Giants, as well as a kind of Disneyland East, called Yomiuriland.

The side activities began with Yomiuri, in fact, after the paper's president, Matsutarō Shoriki, decided to bring Babe Ruth and other baseball stars to Japan for a tour in 1934. The tour was a hit and raised the paper's circulation by 50,000, though Shoriki was stabbed by an ultranationalist who took offense when the Americans played ball



INTERVIEWING TOKYO GOVERNOR

on the grounds of a Shinto shrine. Last October Shoriki, now 83, staged an exhibit of Tibetan art treasures and invited the Dalai Lama to attend. When he arrived, Red China got so angry at this "sinister activity" that it canceled the accreditation of the Yomiuri correspondent in Peking.

In the interests of group journalism, Japanese publishers have tried to suppress individuality. In 1965, for example, Minoru Omori was eased out of his job as foreign editor of Mainichi because he had become too prominent. But individualism keeps cropping up. Lately, a few papers have been increasing the use of bylines and striving for a more personal writing style. They have also grown more willing to court controversy. "We are trying to create an atmosphere in which people can speak about formerly taboo subjects," says Yomiuri Editor in Chief Yosoo Kobayashi. Nor that the press is ever likely to depart from its role as a mainstay of the social structure. As a Tokyo city editor puts it, "We must be Japanese first, and then newspapermen."

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MUSIC

ROCK

Something Heavy

The bass plunges and thumps. The guitars buzz with electronic feedback. Over a rocking drum beat, the voices of a group called The Electric Prunes float in breathy unison: "Kyrie eleison . . . Christe eleison."

So begins one of the most venturesome of recent rock recordings, the Prunes' album-length performance of *Mass in F Minor*, a new Reprise release. Composed by Los Angeles Record Producer David Axelrod, 34, the six-part Mass achieves a surprisingly successful blend of pounding rhythms, a "churchy" organ, raucous improvisations and echoes of medieval plain-song. For the text, Axelrod says he "took just the words I thought were relevant, like 'Lamb of God, grant us peace.' That's awfully hip for the times."

He avoided overdubbing and other wizardry of the recording studio, stuck to simple scoring (the Prunes, augmented only by cellos, French horns and various keyboard instruments) to make non-studio performances practical. Already several churches have bid for it; the Prunes plan to use it on an upcoming campus tour.

The Herald Prunes. Except on records, religious rock is not really so new or unusual, as the music in a number of churches around the country demonstrates. What makes the Prunes' *Mass in F Minor* significant is its heralding of an even broader trend: the increasing use of extended classical forms by rock musicians. Half of a new LP by the British duo Chad Stuart and Jeremy Clyde is devoted to *The Progress Suite*, a breezy pastiche that gibes at complacency and hypocrisy. The Association have begun to perform their liturgical-cum-martial *Requiem for the*

Masses—included in one of their LPs—as a musical playlet, much as The Doors act out the visionary lyrics of *The End* and *The Unknown Soldier*. Newcomer Van Dyke Parks has cast his first album in the intricately woven format of a song cycle.

Threatening Traps. "After you've been in the business a few years," explains Chad Stuart, who is now working on an "oratorio" to be called *The Election*, "you get cured of the lust for money and you want to produce something—well, heavy." Other experimental rock composers seem motivated more by a restlessness to burst out of conventional molds. San Francisco's Steve Miller, who is writing a suite that will combine Stockhausen-influenced electronic music with rhythm-and-blues, says simply: "I don't dig three-minute sections." Classical and Jazz Composer Bill Russo, director of Chicago's Center for New Music, puts it even more decisively: "The music had two directions to go—to get decadent or get longer."

By getting longer and more complex, it may run the risk not only of becoming pretentious but also of losing out on commercially vital radio exposure and outdistancing its mass audience. Russo, who is composing three rock cantatas which he hopes to hear performed in Chicago coffeehouses and clubs, thinks that one solution lies in underplaying the formal aspects. "I think it is just as well if the public does not know my pieces are cantatas," he says. "I for one do not intend to tell them." Stuart believes another built-in guard against obscurity is the plain fact that "there just aren't enough people in the business who can do this sort of thing."

Perhaps the greatest danger of all is that the trend will not escape the trap of faddishness and superficial exploitation.



THE ELECTRIC PRUNES RECORDING "MASS"
Sock it to 'em, Madame Butterfly.



RUBINSTEIN & WIFE (CENTER) WITH GRAFFMAN
All-American from Russia and Germany.

tion of anomaly—traps that threaten even the more serious and gifted innovators. Dave Hassinger, who produced The Electric Prunes' Mass recording for Reprise, is considering a rock adaptation of an opera for a future project. A modern atonal opera? A newly commissioned work? No. "I'm thinking," says Hassinger, "of *Madame Butterfly*."

PIANISTS

The Busy Eclectic

One of the best ways to spot the importance of a musical event is by the number of musicians in the audience. Last week a vast panoply of pianistic talent sat in Manhattan's Philharmonic Hall to hear one of their number, Gary Graffman, play Beethoven, Schumann and Brahms. Afterward, led by the formidable Artur Rubinstein, they went back to the Green Room to shake hands. "I was so overwhelmed to see Rubinstein there," says Graffman, "that I never gave him a chance to say anything. I just kept talking the whole time."

There were, of course, other ways to measure the importance of Graffman's concert. Now at 39, he has slowly but persistently emerged as the top American pianist in his age group. His platform manner is no-nonsense, but at the peak of his form he stirs poetry, fire and steel into whatever he plays. At a time when most younger American performers make their loudest noise in the flashier side of the repertory—Prokofiev, Bartók, Liszt and the more extroverted Chopin—Graffman has matured into a musician able to challenge Europe's best in the more substantial classical and early romantic repertory.

Good Listeners. Before World War II, critics customarily spoke of two major pianistic schools: the dynamic, aloof virtuosity of the Russians (Rachmaninoff, Horowitz) and the poetic, relaxed, scholarly Austro-Germans (Schnabel, Serkin). Graffman typifies what may some day be known as the American school, but isn't yet: a synthesis of the best pianists from prewar Russia and Germany, with a range of styles that

adapt to any music. "Rachmaninoff," he says, "approached everything the same way. But I approach Prokofiev totally differently from Beethoven, and Beethoven differently from Bach. The difference in approach has to do with many things: rhythm, phrasing, even the tone of a single note."

This eclectic American approach was partly conditioned by circumstances. "When I was growing up," Graffman says, "we could hear almost all the great Europeans in concert regularly, because the war had forced them to migrate to the United States. Then, we had recordings. In other words, the pianistic world was at our fingertips." Even today, Graffman often refers to recordings by other pianists in developing his own musical outlook. "When I first work on a piece, I deliberately avoid hearing other performances. Then, when it is respectably well along, I listen to all recordings, because every great artist will have something to say."

Down to Eight. Graffman's first major achievement came in 1949, when he won the Leventritt Award. It was an important step up, but it did not bring instant success. The next few years were spent doing the town-to-town Community Concert circuit. In 1964, he refused to play before a segregated audience in Jackson, Miss., and that temporarily knocked the props from under his career: the following season he was able to pull down a mere eight bookings. This season, Graffman's schedule calls for 100 appearances. "That's too many by 25," he says. "With all those concerts, there is no time to learn anything new."

Nevertheless, he finds time to fill a handsome New York apartment with Oriental art, and to work out some of the most complex *cordon bleu* recipes with his wife Naomi. At this point of unmistakable arrival in the musical pantheon, he has but one regret. "If I had my life to live over," he says, "I would spend less time polishing pieces and learn more repertory." Most listeners would at least agree that what he has learned so far, he has learned very well.

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SCIENCE

SPACE

Quarantine for Moon Travelers

In all probability, U.S. astronauts will not be returning from the moon before 1970, but the National Aeronautics and Space Administration is getting ready to welcome them back all the same. As the spacecraft is hoisted aboard the recovery carrier, bands will strike up, sailors will cheer, and a worldwide television audience will watch. But the viewing public will see precious little of the heroes of the occasion, the astronauts themselves. They will be whisked into isolation at an \$8,100,000 Lunar Receiving Laboratory that NASA is just completing in Houston. There they will remain under strict quarantine for weeks.

The nagging fear behind this cautious treatment is that alien organisms might hitch a ride aboard the spacecraft, in the bodies of the astronauts or in moon rocks that they will carry back. Such bugs, against which man has developed no immunity or medicines, could conceivably cause a catastrophic plague on earth. "We know that we're dealing with a low-probability risk and that no one really expects life to be found on the moon," says NASA's Dr. Walter W. Kemmerer Jr. "Yet the best way to preserve life is to freeze it and dry it."

Plastic tunnels. To guard against moon viruses and bacteria, NASA will not allow the astronauts to open the Apollo hatch until a plastic tunnel has been extended to the spacecraft from a 35-ft., hermetically sealed van placed near by on the carrier deck. Carrying 50 lbs. of lunar rock and soil samples in steel vacuum cases, they will walk through the tunnel into the van. There,

in the company of a doctor and an engineer, they will be completely isolated from the outside world. When the carrier reaches a U.S. port, the van will be flown intact to the Manned Spacecraft Center in Houston. Only then will NASA allow the space travelers to emerge through another plastic tunnel into a permanent, larger and more complex version of the van: the Lunar Receiving Laboratory.

For the remainder of a three-week quarantine period, the astronauts and a dozen doctors, engineers, technicians and a cook will live in the lab's sealed quarters—including bedrooms, a kitchen stocked with frozen food, a small gym, and medical quarters with even a small operating room. But the astronauts will have no doubt that they are home: for crew-quarter decor, NASA has chosen Early American-style furniture by Sears, Roebuck.

Of Mice & Men. Scientists chosen to examine the lunar samples will have more freedom. Protected by an ingenious "biological barrier"—a system of vacuum chambers, pneumatic transfer tubes, decontamination locks and "glove boxes"—they will be able to enter and leave their area of the LRL during the quarantine period, examining the lunar material without ever coming in direct contact with it or the astronauts. The samples, maintained in a constant vacuum to protect them from terrestrial contamination, will be analyzed in LRL biology, chemistry, mass-spectrometer and gamma-ray spectroscopy labs. Tiny amounts of moon material will be injected into germfree mice, which will then be observed for signs of strange or unknown illnesses.

NASA has even planned for an ac-

MARSHALL SPACE CENTER—BLACK STAR



GLOVE BOXES FOR HANDLING MOON ROCKS
And Sears will tell them they're home.

cidental "spill" that might expose the scientists directly to the lunar rocks and soil. In that event, the entire LRL would be sealed off, cots rolled out, and all the scientists in the lab at the time placed under quarantine until it could definitely be determined that the lunar samples contained no harmful organisms. If, as most scientists believe, no alien bugs are found and the health of mice and men alike remains good, the astronauts will finally emerge from the LRL three weeks after their landing to receive a belated heroes' welcome.

ASTRONOMY

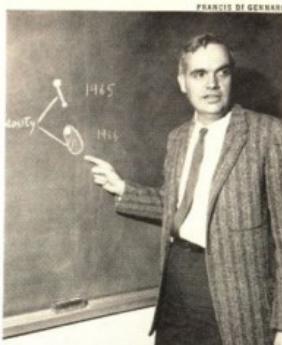
How Near the Quasar?

Are quasi-stellar sources, or quasars, the most distant objects ever seen by man, occupying the outer limits of the universe itself? Or are the quasars relatively close by, perhaps even neighbors of the earth's own Milky Way galaxy? These questions have divided scientists into warring camps and brought near chaos to the once orderly world of astronomy. To confuse the issue further, a staunch advocate of the distant-quasar theory has now weakened his own case by finding evidence suggesting that one quasar is closer to earth than most nearby galaxies.

After analyzing photographs of quasar 3C 287, University of Maryland Astronomer Thomas Matthews estimates that the starlike object may be no farther away than 1,000,000 light-years—or about six quintillion (6 followed by 18 zeros) miles. Although this distance is staggering by earthly standards, it is a mere stone's throw in the vastness of the universe. Distances of remote galaxies, for example, are estimated at billions of light-years, and quasar 3C 287 was believed to be five billion light-years away. Some quasars are believed by many astronomers to be even more distant.

Sudden Thickening. Matthews reported at an American Astronomical Society meeting in Philadelphia that he discovered his clue to the distance of 3C 287 when he compared older photographs taken of the quasar in 1950 and 1965 with another taken in 1966. On some earlier plates, 3C 287 appeared to consist of a bright blue star-like object joined to a fainter red companion by a luminous band, or bridge. In 1966, however, the bridge suddenly became five times as wide as it was the previous year.

Whatever the cause of its sudden thickening, Matthews reasoned, the bridge could not have grown faster than the velocity of light, which is the universal speed limit. Thus the maximum distance that the bridge could have expanded in any direction in the course of a year was one light-year. Measuring the image of the bridge on the photographic plates, the astronomer determined that between 1965 and 1966, the bridge expanded outward on each side by a distance occupying two sec-



ASTRONOMER MATTHEWS
Stone's throw by universal standards.

onds of arc* of the sky. If the bridge covered two additional seconds of arc by growing a light-year in any direction, he then calculated, it could be not farther than 1,000,000 light-years away.

Ironically, Matthews helped identify the first known quasar, 3C 48, in 1960, a finding that eventually led to the discovery by Astronomer Maarten Schmidt (TIME cover, March 11, 1966) that light from quasars showed a great red shift. This convinced most astronomers—including Matthews—that, despite their brightness, the starlike objects are as far or farther away than the most distant galaxies and are thus the most energetic objects in the universe. Astronomer Matthews' distant-quasar view has not been shaken too violently by his new finding. "Just because 3C 287 may be relatively close to us," he says defiantly, "we don't have to conclude that the other quasars are close too."

Striking Discovery

Three times between 1962 and 1965, French astronomers reported that apparently ordinary dwarf stars had emitted extremely bright and unprecedented potassium flares. As evidence, they pointed to three different dwarf-star spectrograms made at the Haute Provence Observatory in Southern France. They showed inexplicably strong potassium-emission lines.

Puzzled, a group of University of California astronomers ran their own tests at California's Lick Observatory. No luck. Then someone had a bright idea. While working with the same spectrographic equipment that the French had used to examine the dwarf starlight, one of the astronomers struck a match. *Voila!* Potassium lines! The Californians' conclusion, reported in *Publications of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific*: the potassium "flares" were probably produced when French smokers—not dwarf stars—lit up.

* A second of arc is 1/3600 of 1°.

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CINEMA

NEW MOVIES

Dr. Dolittle

Whenever a children's classic has been blessed with great illustrations, a film version of the story almost always seems like a betrayal of trust. No movie could ever match the sweep and detail of N. C. Wyeth's paintings for *Treasure Island*, and Tenniel's droll grotesques for *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* remain as much a part of the book's charm as Alice herself.

Dr. Dolittle presented its film adapters with the same kind of problem: Hugh Lofting's drawings for his own books conveyed an inimitably whimsical presence of animals and the funny little man who could talk to them. In this musical movie, Dr. Dolittle's character, as well as his physiognomy, has gone astray. The pleasingly plump physician has been transformed into a lean, saturnine ectomorph (Rex Harrison) who treats his furred and feathered charges with all the intimacy of a Harley Street internist ordering a set of X rays. Surrounding him, however, a brilliant supporting cast: pigs, dogs, giraffes, elephants, hippos, and a multilingual parrot.

Based upon a number of Lofting books, the movie begins when Dolittle is just a plain, ordinary people doctor. One day he learns to talk to animals, and thereafter his odd behavior tries his patients, who would like to see him committed to Her Majesty's asylum. With the help of his animal chums, he breaks away and sails on the good ship *Flounder* in search of the Great Pink Sea Snail. On board his overloaded ark are an Irish cat-food seller (Anthony Newley), a small boy (William Dix), and a pretty admirer (Samantha Eggar). All too soon the *Flounder* founders and the story slows down to its quarry's pace. Moreover, because vi-

lence is done to the original—there was no love interest in the books, for example, except between animals—even the underlying whimsy is worn away.

Rex Harrison's unsung approach to lyrics is reminiscent of *My Fair Lady*, but Leslie Bricusse's songs are not. As a composer, Bricusse (*Roar of the Greasepaint, Stop the World*) seems to have kept a wary eye on the charts, inserting flaccid pop songs whenever the action flags. In such a child-centered zoo story, the animals, of course, should be the true stars of the picture. But Director Richard Fleischer has inserted a number of special-effect monstrosities whose obvious falsity helps to destroy the mood created by the real zoo denizens. The Sea Snail is laughably mechanical, and the luna moth, which propels Harrison home to Puddley-on-the-Marsh, looks like a five-and-ten windup toy left over from someone's Christmas stocking.

Such lapses of judgment only serve to point up the huge generation gap between children's film makers and their audience. Somehow—with the frequent but by no means infallible exception of Walt Disney—Hollywood has never learned what so many children's bookwriters have known all along: size and a big budget are no substitutes for originality or charm. The greatest works remain those that keep their audience in mind by thinking small.

Live for Life

French Director Claude Lelouch's unabashed romanticism brought *A Man and a Woman* to within an inch of the border between sentiment and sentimentality. In *Live for Life*, he crosses over the line—and back into the land of the Woman's Picture, where men must wander and ladies must weep, alone. The movie's hero is a bored, lecherous French television reporter (Yves Mon-

tand) who perpetually roams from his aging wife (Annie Girardot) on journeys to the Congo or the Orient, searching for stories. Though he apparently has his pick of every female in Paris, Montand eventually limits his love life to two: Girardot and a beautiful but blank American model (Candice Bergen). Considering the women's performances, the choice is roughly comparable to claret v. Coca-Cola; inexplicably, he chooses Coke.

Candy is not dandy for long; fighting the old ennui, Montand takes on a new assignment in Viet Nam. After he is listed as missing, wife and mistress separately recall the husband-lover who may be dead. Girardot muses over a few dry scraps of memories, while Bergen recites a maudlin monologue: "I think I lost my youth . . . a man of 40 stole it . . . I'll fall in love with an American from Houston or Memphis . . . have children named John or Elizabeth . . ." After such a drizzily forecast, it is no wonder that when Montand is released by the Viet Cong, he heads straight for home and wife.

To give his slow story some contrapuntal rhythm and social significance, Lelouch cuts from shots of the triangle (filmed in Technicolor), to monochromatic scenes of conflict in Africa and Asia, presumably covered by the hero. The vulgar-cliché style of these sequences can only be described in Nabokov's term, "poshlost." The reporter self-righteously editorializes: "The Nazis tortured because of a guilty conscience from oppressing Europe during the war . . . In Viet Nam, the U.S. is in the same situation . . ." Meanwhile the horrors of battle are shown in pictures as stilted as window displays, the blood stylistically spattered as if war were not war but a magazine color spread.

The Stranger

It is now more than a quarter of a century since Albert Camus wrote *The Stranger*, perhaps still the best modern novel of alienation and despair. Though Camus steadfastly refused to allow it, or any of his other books, to be made into a movie, his widow finally sold the film rights to Italian Producer Dino De Laurentiis on condition that the director be Luchino Visconti (*The Leopard, Rocco and His Brothers*).

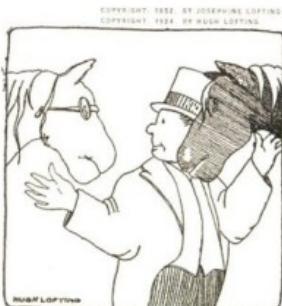
Visconti has tackled his responsibility with the same fanatical concern for factual accuracy that Richard Brooks demonstrated in making *In Cold Blood* (TIME, Dec. 22). He had authorities in Algiers rip up a street to lay down trolley tracks that had been there during the period of the story (1938-39), and even ordered a reprinting of cigarette packages to match those sold at the time. Visconti's film of *The Stranger* follows the action of the novel with hardly a comma missing—and therein lies both its strength and its weakness.

The camera first catches the clerk Meursault (Marcello Mastroianni) on a bus ride to the old people's home where his mother has died. Meticulously, it



HARRISON & FRIEND

Pointing up the generation gap.



LOFTING'S ILLUSTRATION



MASTROIANNI (LEFT) IN "STRANGER"
Refusing to pretend pieties.

builds up the minutiae of the life of this moderately attractive, affably uncommitted man—working, making love to his girl friend (Anna Karina), watching the street life of Algiers.

Every frame is dominated by the dizzying North African heat; with blinding sunlight and sweat-drenched bodies, Visconti comes close to prostrating his audience as he builds Meursault's unexpected, meaningless murder of an Arab on the beach. It is stifling, too, in the courtroom where Meursault is condemned, as much for his disengagement from society's proprieties and his refusal to pretend pieties he does not feel as for the crime itself.

Until then, *The Stranger* is an exceptionally taut, abrasive film. But with Meursault awaiting the guillotine, the action of the book—and the movie—moves inside his mind. The camera is left staring at Mastroianni while his voice on the sound track soliloquizes on life, death and the meaninglessness of it all. The sequence is faithful to what Camus wrote, but it is a shame that Visconti could not have found a more cinematic way of getting it across in a film whose power otherwise almost matches the book that inspired it.

The Graduate

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? showed that Director Mike Nichols, in his Hollywood debut, could make a film that was a *succès d'estime, de scandale et de box office*. *The Graduate*, his second screen effort, unfortunately shows his success depleted.

A brilliant young college graduate with a degree of innocence (Dustin Hoffman) returns to his parents' home in Los Angeles. There he is assaulted by fatuous friends of the family who entice him with offers. Most are commercial: "I have only one word for you," burbles a Babbittical businessman, "plastics." But one offer is sexual. Mrs. Robinson (Anne Bancroft), the neurotic wife of his father's business partner, lures

Benjamin to her bedroom and does a sinuous strip. "I think you're the most attractive of all my parents' friends," he says, heading for home and mother.

At their next meeting, however, he takes her to a hotel and begins the affair in earnest. As the summer drifts on, Benjamin's parents begin to worry about his listless manner. They arrange a date with an old school chum (Katharine Ross) who has but one fault: she is Mrs. Robinson's daughter. Benjamin confesses all, the girl runs back to campus, and her mother arranges a marriage of inconvenience in order to keep the couple apart. In the final reel, Benjamin revs up his psyche and his Alfa Romeo and heads for Santa Barbara to break up the wedding.

Most of the film has an alarmingly derivative style, and much of it is second-hand. The screwball scene in which Benjamin breaks up the wedding is uncomfortably close to *Morgan*. The editing features tricky sound overlaps from one scene to another and quick jump cuts from faces to bodies and back again, yet never consistently settles on a style. There is even a disappointing touch of TV situation comedy. A domestic argument ends with the toast popping out of the toaster, a visit to the zoo features the inevitable cute chimp mugging in its cage.

In the title role, Hoffman is an original, likable actor whose bag of monumental insecurities marks the truly assured comedian. As the vamp, Anne Bancroft is appropriately sly and predatory, and Katharine Ross, as her daughter, possesses one of the freshest new faces in Hollywood. But the screenplay, which begins as genuine comedy, soon degenerates into spurious melodrama. Moreover, Director Nichols, perhaps affected by his stage experience, has given much of the film the closed-in air of a studio set. Like Nichols himself, *The Graduate* appears to be a victim of the sophomore jinx.



HOFFMAN & ROSS IN "GRADUATE"
Majoring in innocence.

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BUSINESS

INDUSTRY

The Long-Term View From the 29th Floor (See Cover)

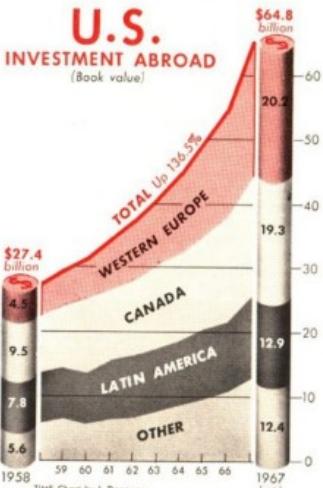
Charles de Gaulle imperiously describes it as "a hem weighing heavily on our national patrimony." Britain's Prime Minister Harold Wilson calls it "industrial helter." West Germany's Finance Minister Franz Josef Strauss uses the word *Ausverkauf*—meaning sellout. The U.S. Government has frowned on it as a plague on the balance of payments. No matter what it is called, the fact remains that one of the most significant developments of the post-World War II world is the great leap by U.S. corporations into overseas markets—whether by direct investment in plant and equipment or by acquisition of foreign companies. In making that leap, American companies have begun to reshape themselves into global organizations to which national boundaries—and such narrow definitions as domestic or foreign—mean little.

Last year American firms invested \$10.2 billion, or about 14% of all their capital spending on plant and equipment, in ventures outside the U.S. This rising annual amount brought their total overseas ante to \$64.8 billion, more than the gross national product of many a nation, and eight times the amount foreign businessmen have invested in the U.S. in the 191 years of the Republic. Americans now control 80% of Europe's computer business, 90% of the microcircuit industry, 40% of its automaking, and sizable shares of chemicals, farm machinery and oil. In Britain, U.S. companies own half of all modern industry, employ one of every 17 British workingmen, manufacture 10% of all British goods for home consumption or export. U.S. firms also squeeze out twice as much profit from invested capital as their British competitors. Of this, they ship \$225 million a year home, reinvest the rest for the long term abroad.

All this has come about with astonishing rapidity. In 1945, with World War II over and international business reviving, U.S. companies had only a modest \$8.4 billion invested around the world. By 1958, this had grown to \$27.4 billion. With last year's increase, U.S. private investment abroad has tripled in 20 years. And the move abroad is undiminished, if only because the market is there. Explains Rubberman Raymond C. Firestone: "Sometime in 1968, the number of motor vehicles in use in other nations will outnumber those in the U.S. for the first time. We want to put tires on those vehicles."

Iron Mike's Domain. Few men understand the problems and profit of this kind of U.S. manifest destiny better than the short (5 ft. 8 in.), bald, square-jawed chairman and chief executive of the world's biggest oil company, Standard Oil of New Jersey.* He is 63-year-old Michael Lawrence Haider (rhymes with strider), and he views the world from a 29th-floor office in midtown Manhattan's RCA Building.

It is quite a view. In terms of globalization, few, if any, corporations can match the 85-year experience around



the world of Jersey Standard, or its range of activities. With 52% of its vast assets abroad, Jersey is the world's biggest private overseas investor. Thus "Iron Mike" Haider, in the course of a day's work, may be involved in everything from a Middle East coup to whether Jersey should eventually construct a 1,000,000-ton supertanker, or what the President of the U.S. has on his mind.

Jersey Standard is actually a holding company and—thanks in considerable part to Haider—a highly decentralized corporate parent to 300 affiliates that do all its exploring, producing, refining

* Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey) is one of 33 oil companies that the U.S. Government, in 1911 antitrust suit, spun out of John D. Rockefeller's original Standard Oil trust. Among others are Standard companies of Ohio, Indiana, California, New York and Kentucky. Apart from the valuable name, they have no connection with each other, with one exception: the California company in 1961 bought a controlling interest in Standard Oil (Kentucky).

and marketing of petroleum products in more than 100 nations. Out of all this, Jersey's most recent annual earnings were \$1.1 billion from well-oiled sales of \$13.6 billion.

Everything about Jersey is immense. Its assets of \$13.8 billion are greater than the U.S. Government's gold supply. The employees working for it and its affiliates—150,000 people—are equal to the working population of Vermont. Its 750,000 shareholders outnumber the population of Hawaii. Jersey's tanker fleet, including 126 ships sailing under 14 flags, with 19 new supertankers building of mostly 240,000 tons apiece, bigger than the Greek navy, Jersey's 65,000 service stations, bearing such names as Esso, Enco and Humble (the New Jersey company's exclusive right to the Esso name is presently being fought out in Federal courts), are scattered everywhere around the world, from U.S. turnpikes to the African veld to the guerrilla-infested rural roads of Viet Nam. Jersey companies turn out 4,627,000 barrels of petroleum products daily, sell one of every seven gallons of fuel marketed in the free world.

Cool Cards. Jersey considers itself an energy company rather than an oil company, but even energy no longer covers the corporate range of activities. Energy does indeed reach from oil for the lamps of India to power generated by a subsidiary in Hong Kong. Affiliates also offer lodging in Esso motels and meals from Esso restaurants. The company could probably topple a few governments and settle some revolutions by selective payment of its oil royalties to one faction or another. "It's fantastic," says a U.S. State Department official, "what powers they have and how coolly they play their cards."

Jersey has a lot of big company on the international scene, including such other U.S. firms as G.M., Ford, Chrysler, General Electric, IBM, ITT, Union Carbide, Du Pont, 3M, Kodak, Texaco, UniRoyal, Mobil, Boeing, Pfizer, Olin Mathieson and Corn Products Co. Together, they are rocking the world. Their globalization is an inevitable showdown between modern technology and old-style nationalism. Technology is an odds-on favorite.

Technology requires the kind of crisp management typical of Jersey Standard. In his 29th floor board room, under a stern portrait of old John D. Rockefeller himself, Mike Haider supervises an empire that John D. would have envied. Though Jersey is huge enough and diffused enough to seem unruly, the empire functions routinely and well under a system of committees and responsibilities. Jersey has so many committed meetings at so many levels that some outsiders dub it "the Standard Meeting Company." Minutes of the meetings filter upward to key men whom the company calls contact direc-

tors—vice presidents whose job is to maintain watch over various regions of the world. Contact directors report day-to-day developments to Jersey President John K. Jamieson, 57. Larger issues and long-range planning are the business of Haider, a summertime yachtsman (power boats, of course), who believes in keeping an easy hand on his corporate helm. "If I ask a question," says Haider, "I'd rather the contact director said, 'I don't know but I'll find out.' If he knows, he's following the situation too closely."

Away from Home. Haider's penchant for decentralization and his determination to equip Jersey for the next 20 years of globalization have radically reshaped the company. One decision, reversing a tradition that dated back to John D., was to add outsiders to Jersey's board of directors. "Their unfamiliarity with the oil business can be useful," says Haider of his decision, "just because they will ask a question to which we think we've known the answer a long time."

More significant, however, was Haider's idea of improving the dialogue between the 29th floor and the 300 affiliates with a series of completely new management companies laced between the two. Set up last year, they include Esso Africa, which oversees Jersey business in Africa and the Eastern Mediterranean from its base in Geneva; Esso Inter-America, set up in Coral Gables, Fla., now handles most of Jersey's investment in South American oil; Esso Standard Eastern, based in New York for better communications, overlooks Australia and the Far East. For Europe and its 17 nations in which Jersey operates, Haider conceived Esso Europe and based it in London.

The reason for Haider's interest in Europe is obvious, since Jersey Standard sells as much gas and oil and chemicals there as it does in the U.S. More than that, Jersey's European business is growing faster than its U.S. business. The trend holds for other U.S. corporations, too. Colgate-Palmolive, H. J. Heinz, Woolworth, Singer and NCR (National Cash Register) do more business overseas than at home. Such companies use a simple marketing technique abroad: they keep a low corporate silhouette and a high product image. It works so well that many a foreign customer never thinks about them as American. "Ooooh," said a British housewife recently, sighting a Woolworth five and ten on her first visit to New York. "I see you have our Woolworth here too."

Along with sophisticated markets in Europe and Canada (which this year for the first time fell slightly behind Europe in the amount of U.S. invest-

ment), globalization is also stretching out to developing markets in Africa, Latin America and the Far East. A total of \$11.4 billion has been invested in Latin America, where U.S. companies make and sell everything from automobiles to Mexican peanut butter. Another \$10 billion has been committed to Africa and Asia. For example, the Gillette Co., which already controls 60% of the European razor-blade market and which last week also took over the big West German appliance firm of Braun, is now moving in on Africa with its Nacet blades. Gillette offers shaves to Africans who have previously trimmed their whiskers with knives, in its advertisements plays up to crocodile-conscious natives its Nacet trademark—a blade slicing through a croc.

ness with a 13,000-mile umbilicus," says Roland Pierotti, executive vice president of the Bank of America. Like Jersey and its four new companies, U.S. corporations are re-jigging tables of organization to keep up with a fast-moving world of business. Ford established Ford of Europe to supervise all its European automaking, General Electric retailed its international division so that managers are now responsible for the same product lines abroad as well as at home. Dow Chemical, which pioneered this sort of thinking by setting up an almost autonomous Dow Chemical Europe in Zurich, is now, says President Herbert Doan, "a global company, whose headquarters happen to be in Midland, Mich."

One reason for such corporate structures as Esso Europe, Ford Europe and Dow Europe, is that the European Common Market—as an inevitable forerunner of other regional trade groups across national borders—demands a regional approach. U.S. businessmen, already accustomed to regionalism in the States, grasped the significance of the Common Market long before the Europeans who had conceived it. "The Americans," says André Danzin, director general of the French electronics firm of Csf., "understood immediately what a large market could be. Europeans could not imagine the possibilities a bigger market would give them, and they were too late to realize it."

Using new concepts—and taking advantage of Common Market tariffs—U.S. companies have stopped thinking in terms of borders. General Motors is building a \$75 million transmission plant at Strasbourg, France, to provide parts for German Opels as well as British Vauxhalls. Ford's farm tractors are being assembled in Antwerp with parts from Detroit and from Basildon, England. A new \$100 million Caterpillar Tractor plant outside Brussels will make parts for other Caterpillar plants in Scotland and France. Honeywell's computer plant at Newhouse, England, will build computers for the Continent as well as for Britain.

Question of Control. Regional operations cause many a U.S. corporation to reconsider how much control it wants of a foreign subsidiary and what kind of local partnerships it should have. G.M. represents one end of a broad range of thinking. "We have no partners in our foreign subsidiaries," states Chairman James M. Roche flatly. At the other end of the scale is Northrop Corp., which is selling its technology in 37 nations so far. Northrop Chairman Thomas V. Jones makes it a rule to take no more than a 40% interest in a foreign company. "Many American



ESSO EUROPE'S CAMPBELL & CHAIRMAN HAIDER
Low silhouette, high image.

In Asia, although markets are slim at the moment, U.S. companies are concentrating on the future, mindful that the population of the region totals 1.8 billion, with the children alone outnumbering the combined populations of Europe and Africa. Jersey Standard is diligently building a civilian market in Viet Nam in spite of the war. Esso installations occasionally get in the way of the combatants; a 10,000-gal. tank burned for three days after it was hit in a Viet Cong attack on Tan Son Nhut Airport. The Cong also bushwhack Esso oil trucks and force the drivers to pay ransom. But overall, says Esso Viet Nam's placid manager, Frederick W. Penn, "the thing unusual about us is the extent to which operations here are so usual."

13,000-Mile Umbilicus. Under Haider, local managers like Penn are getting more autonomy. More and more companies are adopting the same system. "You can't run a day-to-day busi-

* Portrait in rear: Founder John D. Rockefeller.

companies," says he, "say 'we need to have control so that we can have the management.' Well, it doesn't give me any comfort to have a guy from California managing a company in France when I know that the problems are French problems."

Most companies prefer complete control where feasible, joint partnerships where practical or where they help to ward off the threat of nationalization. International Harvester, operating in 143 nations, has 32 subsidiaries and seven joint ventures. Jersey Standard and Royal Dutch/Shell are jointly marketing natural gas from the North Sea's Groningen fields off The Netherlands and will soon begin pumping gas together from newer fields off the English coast. Fast-growing Boise Cascade Corp. devised a plan of management contracts for its ventures. Local partners hold the majority interest in joint ventures, but Boise Cascade as manager runs the operation. Even the U.S. banks that have followed American business abroad are developing partnerships. Bank of America has formed Société Financière Européenne along with the Banque Nationale de Paris, the Dresdner Bank, Banca Nazionale del Lavoro, Barclays Bank and the Algemeene Bank Nederland N.V., to raise capital and work out mergers on a grand Common Market scale.

Globalization is altering the personnel charts of U.S. corporations as well as the tables of organization. American managers abroad today, remarks a Danish businessman, "rotate like ambassadors." Indeed they must, for the sake of the company and for their own careers. Experience in only one country is no longer sufficient in companies that operate around the world. And where overseas assignments were once considered sentences to Siberia, they are now the route to the top. "I don't think you have a total understanding of world trade unless you've had a fair amount of time overseas," says 3M Chairman Bert S. Cross.

BIG MAN FROM ABROAD. Along with rotating ambassadors from home, U.S. firms have taken another step long overdue: they are giving more jobs—and more responsible jobs—to non-American executives. As recently as 1965, according to a survey by University of Manchester Professor Kenneth Simmonds, only 59 Europeans were among the 3,733 executives in Europe for 150 U.S. companies. Now the ratio is changing rapidly. The Earl of Cromer, for instance, until recently governor of the Bank of England, is the new chairman of IBM United Kingdom. Dr. Frederick H. Boland, the man who as United Nations General Assembly President broke a gavel in 1960 trying to silence Nikita Khrushchev, is chairman of Esso Ireland. Though names help, such executives are less and less anxious to be figureheads. "If they want a yes-man," says Managing Director Gian-Carlo Salva of Honeywell Italy, "they can get my doorman for \$100 a month."

U.S. companies have even begun to switch their non-Americans around. "Why not?" suggests a U.S. executive in Brazil. "Brains are international." Eastman Kodak Co. has a Swiss manager in Italy, a Dutchman in Portugal and a Cuban in Venezuela. SGS-Fairchild, European subsidiary of Fairchild Camera & Instrument Corp., advertises its management staff as "an SGS-Fairchild cocktail: one part Italian, four parts British, one part French, one part Swedish, one part German, served with an American olive."

Esso Europe, at Mike Haider's insistence, was concocted in 1966 as an even more diverse mixture. Picked to head it was an American, Nicholas J. Campbell Jr., 52, who had earlier been in Venezuela for Jersey and in Japan as president of Esso Sekiyu, the Japanese affiliate. Choosing as many capable executives as possible from Europe, Campbell ended up with a mix that includes 121 Americans, four Canadians, one Venezuelan, 86 Britons, 21 Germans, 16 Frenchmen, 14 Italians, ten Belgians, ten Norwegians, nine Swedes, eight Dutchmen, two Danes, two Swiss, one Finn and one Maltese, who all

work comfortably together with English as their lingua Esso. Jersey reset them with even a pamphlet of helpful translations: diapers in England are called nappies, and a hot-water heater is a geyser.

BIG SUEZ & SMALL, Esso Europe's domain and responsibility include 24 refineries, pipelines stretching 3,000 miles, and research laboratories in Britain, Germany, France, Italy and Belgium. So diverse is Jersey that the European company even supervises a nine-acre miniature world near Grenoble, France. There Esso sea captains learn how to handle supertankers that will soon reach 800,000 tons in size by steering 15-ton models around waterways, including a replica of one of the bad bends of the Suez Canal.

The real Suez, closed by war, gave Esso Europe its own shakedown cruise. With Europe cut off from much of its Middle East oil, other sources had to be located rapidly. Campbell diverted Jersey tankers at sea and chartered others, kept the region fueled with a pipeline of ships bringing oil from the Western Hemisphere. At one point Esso's Fawley, England, refinery was handling



a mid-American grade of oil called Rocky Mountain Sour that had never before been seen in Europe.

Daring to Be Different. Innovations like Esso Europe fascinate Jersey executives because Haider, as a 38-year veteran of a longtime conservative company, might have been expected to go by the well-thumbed company book. But in the course of his career, Haider has often dared to be different: living in an Oklahoma oil camp in the 1930s, he was the only employee who stubbornly refused to cut his lawn at company orders, and was nearly fired for it.

Haider was born on a North Dakota wheat farm, moved with his family to California as a teen-ager. He got his chemical-engineering degree at Stanford University (27), before long was working for a Jersey affiliate called Carter Oil, where one of his early laboratory assignments was to check the quality of helium gas for use in dirigibles. Jersey prefers that its men not put down roots, and Iron Mike never really has. He bounced around the Southwest, moved from New York to Florida to Canada, where in 1947, as Imperial Oil's production boss, he brought in the Leduc oil

field that made western Canada independent of oil from Texas and Louisiana.

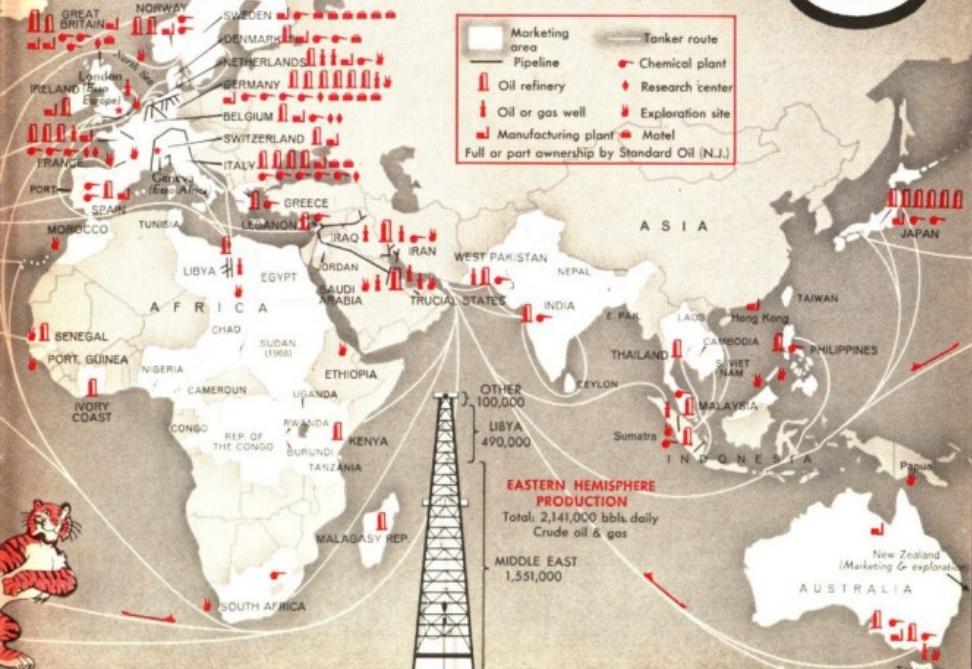
Haider today is a combination of grit and polish. He hates cold weather from his tours in Canada, speaks acceptable Spanish from his connections with Latin America. He enjoys opera, frequently attends performances in New York with U.S. Steel Chairman Roger Blough, another buff. On business trips, he likes to get up a Cajun card game known as Bourée, a variety of pitch in which pots get increasingly more costly. He seldom loses at Bourée, but he can afford it if he does. For running its global empire, Jersey Standard last year paid him \$395,833 in salary and bonuses. He is a devoted family man, but he is so anxious to keep his personal life out of the public eye that he does not even list his wife and daughter in *Who's Who*.

The Third Power. Haider, and chief executives like him, will be needing all the polish they can muster in the year ahead. The pace of U.S. globalization is so vigorous that other nations are increasingly concerned and cantankerous about it. "Actually," says Csf.'s Danzin, "there is no European government

strong enough to prevent an American company from dominating a market." Jean-Jacques Servan Schreiber, whose book *The American Challenge* describes the problem and has become a runaway bestseller on the Continent, prophesies: "The third industrial power, after the U.S. and the Soviet Union, could easily be in 15 years not Europe but American industry in Europe. Even today, in the ninth year of the Common Market, the organization of this market is essentially American."

Europeans, and others, often resent what they consider American arrogance. "However much I like the Americans," says a Dane, "I must admit that they suffer from a kind of superman mentality." Europeans also resent the fact that U.S. firms deal brusquely or not at all with trade unions, discontinue such traditions as the German breakfast break on company time or the Spanish siesta, and, unlike paternalistic European firms, lay off workers in recessions. When ITT recently considered buying Belgium's second best football team in order to get its stadium for employee recreation, cynical Belgians quickly predicted that ITT would undoubtedly cut

OF STANDARD OIL (N.J.)



BUSINESS IN 1967—THE NERVOUS YEAR

FOR businessmen almost everywhere, 1967 was a year of rising anxiety about strikes and riots, war and other tensions, inflation and monetary strains. In many countries, such problems thwarted or threatened economic gains by damaging everything from domestic output to world trade, whose growth shrank to a 7% rate from the 9% of a year ago. Despite all that, it was far from being a bad year for business. The U.S. continued to be prosperous; its economy, the abundance of which mankind holds in awe and envy, simply fell short of optimistic expectations. Western Europe experienced its slowest economic growth in a decade—but growth, however slow, remains growth. As William Butler, vice president of the Chase Manhattan Bank, puts it: "Never have so many had it so good and felt so badly about it."

The Mini-Recession

U.S. business lagged during the first half of the year, and hindsight bestowed the label of mini-recession. For the first time since 1961, the economy missed its clockwork quarterly advance. During the first three months of the year, the nation's real output of goods and services declined. Statistically, the setback was minuscule (0.06%) and much too brief to qualify as a meaningful interruption in the long expansion. Having picked up momentum again, the economy passed a notable milestone in November: the 81st month of unbroken prosperity, bettering the war-fueled record set between 1939 and 1945. Over the past six years, the average American family's real income has swelled 22% (to \$7,404), and the whole economy has grown by \$281 billion—which is more than the combined 1966 output of West Germany, France and Italy.

To a dominant degree, the '67 slowdown resulted from cutbacks in business buying for inventory, which had soared to unsustainable heights late in 1966. It was a troublesome legacy, even through the April-June quarter when businessmen liquidated their stocks of appliances, hardware and other durable goods at a \$600 million-a-year pace. One persistent casualty of the sell-off was industrial production, which not only failed to gain but this summer slipped to 2% below its level of a year earlier. Since spring of last year, the nation's factories have reduced their operations from 91% to 84% of capacity.

Inventory drops in past years have often triggered genuine recessions. To forestall such a possibility, the Federal Reserve Board moved in its role as a monetary balance wheel. In place of its tight money policy of 1966, the Fed all year literally stuffed banks with funds. In its early stages, the massive infusion helped to keep the economic dip trivial. For a few months, interest rates fell, but as the mini-recession melted away, voracious business demand for loans reversed that trend. Corporations borrowed \$16 billion through bonds and other debt securities in 1967, almost half again as much as a year earlier. State and local borrowing also rose sharply. In the second half of the year, increased federal spending sent the Government heavily into the market as well, forcing the Federal Reserve to stoke the money supply by 7% and bank credit by an even more inflationary 12% to make sure that the U.S. Treasury could borrow enough to cover its deficit. The appetite for cash lifted interest rates to psychedelic highs. Some new issues of corporate bonds brought nearly 7%, a 100-year peak.

By summer, Washington concluded that the economy was rebounding with inflationary speed. Chairman Gardner Ackley of the White House Council of Economic Advisers predicted that "a strong revival of demand" would be led by a burst of spending for factories and durable goods. It wasn't. Spotty profits kept businessmen cautious about expansion. Their borrowing served partly to pay off old loans and replenish coffers depleted by the 1966 money squeeze and the spring speedup in corporate tax collections; most of all, it reflected wide expectation that the Reserve Board might tighten up on credit or that the Government would

pre-empt borrowable funds. Auto sales dropped to about 8,400,000, 7% below their 1966 level. "Mystified businessmen are still waiting for the frantic days that they were told lay ahead," complains Research Director Albert Sommers of the National Industrial Conference Board.

Despite incomes that rose to a new peak, consumers turned surprisingly frugal and saved 7% of their after-tax cash, the highest sustained rate in a decade. Savings banks and savings and loan associations, which had been strapped for mortgage funds a year earlier, were deluged with deposits. Thus housing became the year's comeback industry, climbing from an annual rate of 1,111,000 private starts in January to 140% of that level. On the other hand, retail sales—which normally account for two-thirds of what consumers spend—rose barely faster than consumer prices, which jumped 21%, on top of a 3% gain in 1966.

Only declining farm prices (food for home consumption is now 1.1% cheaper than a year ago) kept the cost of living from inflating more. From 1966, home ownership costs (including mortgage interest, taxes and insurance) rose 3.5%; apparel, 4%; used autos, 4.3%; and medical care, 6.6%. Since May, overall consumer prices have climbed at an annual rate of 3.16%.

Biggest reason for the increased prices was high wage settlements, which added an average 5% to business costs in 1967, while productivity (output per man-hour) gained only 3%. The disparity disturbs businessmen because it portends lower profits, or higher prices, or both. The 5% pattern had been established by the 1966 airplane machinists' strike, which buried the Administration's once cherished 3.2% wage-price "guideposts." This fall, 5% became more of a floor than a ceiling. Auto workers won 7% increases from Ford, Chrysler and General Motors; Congress gave 705,000 postal workers a 6% raise (along with a 20% increase in postal fees for first-class letters, from 5¢ to 6¢ per oz.).

The spring economic dip and a big increase in the number of teen-agers seeking work compounded one of the most vexing problems of the U.S. economy: bottom-of-the-force unemployment, especially among Negroes. Overall unemployment rose from 3.7% in January to a peak of 4.3% in October, then declined; but the jobless rate among teen-agers jumped from 11% to 14% (9.6% for whites, 22.8% for Negroes). Unable through its own machinery to cope with that and other potentially explosive social problems, Government has increasingly turned to business for help. "Government alone cannot meet and master the great social problems of our day," says Presidential Aide Joseph Califano. "It will take public-interest partnerships of a scope we cannot yet perceive."

There was some cooperative action on that front. Under a Labor Department contract, a Westinghouse Electric unit is teaching Negro history to job candidates in Baltimore. Control Data Corp. plans to open a 275-job computer-component plant in a Negro neighborhood of Minneapolis, where rioting forced a call-up of National Guard troops last summer. Near by, the company will start a training institute to teach computer skills. Still, much remains to be done. "The latent manpower wasting away in the slums is urgently needed," says President Stephen F. Keating of Honeywell, Inc. "The supply of capable people may be the limiting factor in our industrial growth rate."

In nervous 1967, stock speculation soared. Both the New York and American stock exchanges reported new records in volume, and venturesome investors in such high-flying issues as computers, electronics and office equipment made millions of dollars of paper profits.

No Fine-Tuning

All in all, the year proved that even with the application of Keynesian New Economics, the Government really cannot fine-tune the U.S. economy. In theory, changes in spending, taxing, or the supply of credit can assure permanent, noninflationary prosperity. The trouble lies not in

the theory but in its execution. The New Economics performed wonders from 1961 to 1965, when the economy needed stimulus. Then, after the soaring cost of the Viet Nam war shattered price stability in 1966, President Johnson for too long rejected economists' advice that it was time to raise taxes. When he belatedly asked Congress for a 6% income tax surcharge in January, the gathering clouds over business made the idea look so dubious that the tax-writing House Ways and Means Committee simply pigeonholed the President's proposal.

Part of the problem arose from the inability of Administration analysts to foresee business developments with pinpoint accuracy. The low visibility is caused in great part by shakily statistics, which leave economists somewhat in the position of a doctor performing delicate surgery with a hacksaw and a chisel. Many vital figures—inventorys, housing starts, business investment plans—are either unreliable or too crude to foreshadow subtle economic shifts which call for sophisticated changes in Washington policies. For example, a misjudgment of how fast personal income and corporate profits would grow led the Treasury to a \$7 billion overestimate in January of revenues for the fiscal year that began last July. Treasury Secretary Henry Fowler—who at one point warned that "spiral inflation" could well leave the U.S. economy "in a shambles"—has conceded that had he realized how far wrong the estimate was, he would have taken an "entirely different view" of fiscal policy needs.

Debatable Vision

Against that background, new perspective is given to the acrimonious stalemate between the Administration and Congress over President Johnson's midyear decision to raise his unfulfilled demand for a 6% surcharge to a demand for 10%. The President and his aides, basing their case on a debatable vision of future trouble, argued that only by raising taxes could the soaring federal deficit be shaved enough to avoid inflation. Arkansas Democrat Wilbur Mills, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, insisted that the kind of trouble he saw—cost-push inflation from rising wages and prices—might only be aggravated by higher taxes. Besides, he argued, the economy was not nearly so strong as the Administration maintained.

The chances for a tax increase in 1967 finally died when Mills pressed Federal Reserve Board Chairman William McChesney Martin at a late November hearing. "Your line of questioning," remarked Martin, "indicates clearly that the economy is not too boomy at the moment." Snorted Mills: "Not too booming? It is just not booming at all!" Conceded Martin: "All right, it is not booming." With that, and the prospect that recent spending cuts will begin to shrink the huge federal deficit, many economists see considerably less reason than hitherto for a tax increase in election-year 1968. And a growing number of people in the fiscal area of the Government no longer argue that a rise is necessary to avoid disaster.

In triumph and trouble alike, 1967 stitched the national economies of the free world ever closer together. Half a dozen countries—Britain, Canada, France, Belgium, The Netherlands and Austria—developed an economic malaise akin to that of the U.S.: industrial stagnation and rising unemployment coupled with inflationary tendencies. Reason: wages and government spending rose despite economic slowdowns. Germany stopped its spiral of wages and prices, but at the cost of a severe recession that pulled down the pace of business throughout most of the Common Market. Only Italy, which underwent a deflationary purge three years ago, showed strong economic gains without much wage and price strain.

In Japan, now the world's fourth largest industrial power (after the U.S., the U.S.S.R. and West Germany), the economy expanded by a prodigious 12%, even after discounting the 5% price inflation, and the central bank turned to tight money to cool the boom. The Mideast war crippled the econ-

omies of Jordan and Egypt. The resulting closure of the Suez Canal, by adding \$600 million a year to British shipping costs, provided another stroke of misfortune amid Britain's already critical economic plight. Even after Harold Wilson devalued the pound 14.3% from \$2.80 to \$2.40 (thus prompting 22 other countries to devalue their currencies as well), trouble tormented Britain. Many economists figure that devaluation gave the U.K. no more than two years' respite to cure the source of sterling's weakness: its chronic excess of imports over exports. In the weeks right after the devaluation, the gap only widened, and speculation against the pound rose when Aubrey Jones, chairman of the wage-restraining National Prices and Incomes Board, raised the possibility of a second devaluation. If that occurs, he predicted in a London speech, it would also lead to "a devaluation of the dollar, with severe restrictions on world trade."

There is practically no possibility that the dollar will be devalued in the foreseeable future, even though the fall of the pound led speculators to launch the century's most frenzied gold-buying spree. The value of other Western currencies is measured against that of the U.S. dollar. As the key currency in international trade and finance, the dollar is technically backed by the U.S. Treasury's promise to redeem dollars in gold, at \$35 per oz., on demand by foreign central banks. The only way the U.S. could devalue would be for Congress to raise that price. With \$26 billion worth of gold (including the \$12.4 billion U.S. stock) pledged to fight speculators, the seven-nation London gold pool has enough resources to maintain the price for years, provided that its members stick together. Beyond that, the true worth of the dollar depends on what it will buy and thus rests ultimately on the strength of the U.S. economy. The dollar's gold underpinning has diminished, and its economic source of support grows steadily larger.

To maintain its position, the U.S. must take steps to curb its own \$2.3 billion-a-year (and rising) balance of payments deficit—the excess of dollars going abroad for war, tourism, investment and foreign aid over those coming home from the now shrinking trade surplus. "We are at a critical juncture," says Raymond Saulnier, former chairman of the White House Council of Economic Advisers. "As long as the federal budget remains deeply in the reds, we will be continuously vulnerable to financial crisis that would lead to a recession, potentially to a serious one."

A Better '68

Despite such concerns, most private economists expect next year to be a good one—better than 1967. They see the U.S. economy expanding by a healthy 4% in real terms, with the 3% or 3½% price inflation and with unemployment hovering about where it already stands. Bankers feel that the Federal Reserve will apply a brake to credit expansion, but gently enough to allow housing to continue its gains. Many businessmen look for consumers to save less and spend more; Detroit, for example, expects at least 9,000,000 auto sales. There are, of course, some clouds over that rather rosy view. Stockpiling to minimize the impact of potential midyear strikes in steel, aluminum and nickel could produce violent inventory swings.

What business is really most concerned about now is federal policy. In its simultaneous effort to fight a war in Viet Nam, send a man to the moon, erase poverty at home and help struggling countries overseas, the U.S. has strained its resources. The resulting budget and balance-of-payments deficits are promoting inflation. Higher taxes would attack these problems, and so would reducing expenditures at home or abroad. Business wants to see the main emphasis on the latter course because it avoids the risk of expanding government to the detriment of the more productive private sector of the economy. What the economy needs most right now is a sense-making approach to income and outgo in the federal budget.

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A New Kind of Company

Providence, Rhode Island



Dalmo Victor's new TV camera sees in the dark,
may soon be used for industrial security operations.

the team from eleven players to nine.

The major complaint against U.S. firms, however, is that they have an overwhelming lead in technology and are often reluctant to share it. The pace of U.S. research and development stuns and frightens other nations. In the U.S., 700,000 people work at R & D for industry v. 187,000 in next-most-active Japan. U.S. corporations allot \$21 billion to research, six times what the Common Market spends. Americans can also be terrifyingly ingenious. Ford, creating Ford Europe, linked engineering centers at Dunton, England, and Cologne to Detroit by telephone cable in order that designers abroad could use the Dearborn computer.

Sympathetic to such protests, U.S. companies have begun to share technology. IBM has assigned two important projects to its European laboratories, a cheaper, faster computer memory system and a more flexible programming language, in order to develop their skills. Jersey's Esso Research recently opened a 50-acre center in Brussels where scientists from eleven nations will work together. "We won't have done our job," says President Erving Arundale, "until American consumers are using products that we have developed here in our European labs."

Americans also feel that other nations could do more to pull up their technological socks. "It surprises us in the U.S.," Chase Manhattan Chairman David Rockefeller bluntly told a Paris meeting of businessmen, "that you pay relatively little attention to management training and to training in some of the newer scientific disciplines. The American advantage comes not so much from the discovery of new ideas and methods as from their application. It has to do basically with capabilities in management, engineering and marketing, in short, the willingness to take risks and to accept the change."

If Europeans find Americans efficiently cold, Americans for their part often find Europeans dismally disorganized. Says ITT Executive Vice President Tim Dunleavy: "To counteract the long, lean, hungry guys coming in, a European company tries to merge with another European company. But that only adds to the difficulty. You get two overstaffed, overweight companies getting together, and you're making the problem twice as serious as it was in the first place. That sort of action makes them more prey than ever to American companies, but a lot of businessmen and politicians still don't recognize this."

Marks, Rupees, Eurodollars. One criticism U.S. businessmen do listen to—it not always sympathetically—is Washington's complaint about the effect of globalization on the U.S. balance of payments. "The European splurge," says Assistant Commerce Secretary for International Business Lawrence McQuade, "was an example of American businessmen losing their heads about a market. Their massive investment trig-

gered the voluntary payments program." Under this voluntary program, 625 U.S. corporations, including Jersey Standard, are making "special efforts" to repatriate income from abroad more rapidly and to borrow more money abroad.

Most corporations chafe under the Government's voluntary program, especially since private investment is one area in which the balance of payments is in fairly good shape. Last year, while business sent \$3.14 billion out in investments, it returned \$4 billion in profits, for a net gain of \$600 million. Corporations are doing more and more borrowing overseas. Jersey's long-term debt includes \$65 million repayable in German marks, \$16 million in Belgian francs and \$11 million in Norwegian kroner. Ironically, although Europeans predictably complained that borrowing abroad would wipe out their meager capital markets, the reverse has proved true. Making Eurodollar loans in Europe on U.S. money that never comes home, or floating Eurobonds pegged to such dollars, global Americans have developed a new \$2 billion capital market in Europe. Of that amount, U.S. companies have so far utilized only about 40%, leaving more than \$1 billion for Europeans to borrow.

Discord and disenchantment have caused a handful of U.S. companies to pull out and come home, and diminishing profits are causing others to rest and regroup. But in the long-term view that Mike Haider takes from his 29th-floor windows, the future is crystal-clear. "I see no limit to the globalization of American business," he says. With the experience of his oil-field days, he sees American companies as doing the exploration work. After that, countries around the world will reap the benefits. And the U.S. balance of payments will some time feel a favorable weight as profits come rolling home.

EXECUTIVES

The Du Pont McCoy

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., the world's largest chemical firm, last week named the twelfth president in its 165-year history. He succeeds Lamont du Pont Copeland, 62, who moves up to chairman. While he becomes only the second president from outside the Du Pont family, Charles Brelsford ("Brel") McCoy, 58, hardly ranks as an interloper. Son of a one-time Du Pont vice president, McCoy has two sons and a brother working for the company, and his sister Anne is married to Du Pont Secretary Henry T. Bush. Another brother is Landscape Painter John McCoy,² two of whose works have long hung in Du Pont's walnut-paneled president's office in Wilmington.

Brel McCoy's own connection with Du Pont began when he worked for the company during summer vacations

² Brother-in-law of Artist Andrew Wyeth, whose own brother Nathaniel happens to be a Du Pont engineer.



PRESIDENT MCCOY

More discoveries, more competition.

from college. After graduating from the University of Virginia (Phi Beta Kappa) and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (master's degree in chemical engineering), he hired on full time in 1932 as a lowly cellophane-machine operator before advancing into such jobs as chemist, industrial engineer and purchasing agent. He rose through a succession of middle-management jobs, in 1960 became chief of Du Pont's explosives division. The following year he was named vice president and a member of the company's all-powerful executive committee.

Three Against Malaise. Though his new job automatically makes him chairman of that committee, McCoy will continue to have but one vote—the same as the other eight members. Also retaining a voice in company policy will be Copeland, who succeeds Crawford H. Greenewalt, 65, as board chairman; Greenewalt stays on as chairman of Du Pont's finance committee. Together, the three men will bear much of the responsibility for lifting Du Pont out of its recent malaise.

The company's sales, a record \$3.16 billion in 1966, are expected to be off by at least 3% this year. Earnings could be down by as much as 24% from last year's \$389 million. A main source of that slump is lagging profits in the synthetic-fiber business. Accounting for about one-third of Du Pont sales, synthetics have been hurt by a slowdown in the textile industry caused largely by rising imports and falling prices. While Du Pont continues to base hopes for recovery on its huge research budget (\$110 million a year), McCoy realistically admits that "the more discoveries we make, the more rapidly our competitors move in against us."

² Behind McCoy: a landscape by Brother John,

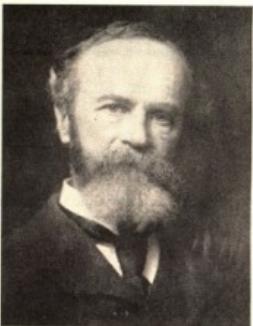
BOOKS

A Second Look

Publishers flooded the market with more than 30,000 fiction and nonfiction titles during the past year. Inevitably, many worthwhile volumes were passed over by readers and critics, TIME's reviewers included. Some of the books deserving a second look:

WILLIAM JAMES by Gay Wilson Allen. 556 pages. Viking. \$10.

For all that has been written about William James, psychologist, philosopher, teacher and author, nothing as good as this full-length biography has appeared before. Author Allen, an English professor at New York University



WILLIAM JAMES (CIRCA 1900)
Rich account of the clan.

and a skilled biographer of Walt Whitman, presents James's complex character with the ease and clarity that distinguished his subject's own style. There is no understanding James's skeptical temperament without understanding his extraordinary family. Using unpublished papers, Allen weaves a rich account of the restless, tightly knit clan. As for William, his character is best expressed in his own words: "My first act of free will shall be to believe in free will. I will go a step further with my will, not only act with it, but believe as well; believe in my individual reality and creative power." That power was constantly being sapped by physical and mental illnesses. That he overcame them to produce such works as *The Will to Believe*, *The Varieties of Religious Experience*, *Pragmatism* and *A Pluralistic Universe* seems almost miraculous—even with such an excellent guide as Professor Allen to offer explanation. As for James's influence today, Biographer Allen notes that after a generation of neglect, psychologists are making sympathetic re-evaluations of James's belief in the need for values and disciplined thinking.

FIVE YEARS by Paul Goodman. 257 pages. Brussel & Brussel. \$5.

What William James called the "rich thicket of reality" is thoroughly explored in this book, which is subtitled "Thoughts During a Useless Time." Its author, Paul Goodman, is a novelist, poet, essayist, psychologist and social critic whose book *Growing Up Absurd* gave him guru status with a large segment of American youth. *Five Years* is a self-analytical journal of random thoughts, jotted down from 1955 to 1960, when Goodman was between 45 and 50 years old. It is a ruthlessly honest confession in the manner of Rousseau: Goodman recounts how he scrounged for food, sex and love while



PAUL GOODMAN
Among the anguished roots.

materially and spiritually down and out. During that period of his life, he was, he remarks, "a citizen of nowhere, but an animal of the world." Nothing stands between the reader and Goodman's loneliness and despair, his frank involvement with homosexuality, his yearning for "a very bread-and-butter kind of paradise." Goodman's moral utopianism and his commitment to rectifying personal and social ills have been encountered many times in his numerous works. *Five Years* offers a harrowing look at the dark and anguished roots of that commitment.

THOMAS BECKET by Richard Winston. 413 pages. Knopf. \$10.

Few historical figures have captured literary imaginations as thoroughly as Thomas Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, who was murdered 800 years ago at the instigation of his King and former friend, Henry II. T. S. Eliot's play *Murder in the Cathedral* and Jean Anouilh's play and film *Becket* examined the irresistible character who, upon slipping into clerical garb, warned his King that he would serve his new divine master as faithfully as he had served his

old human one. He became a devoted protector of church rights and, inevitably, a resolute enemy of his monarch. Richard Winston, a translator who has also written a biography of Charlemagne, has produced an exceptionally clear and precise account of that momentous confrontation. In his hands, the antagonists emerge not only as complicated personalities who fall victim to situations of their own making but also as resonant symbols of the bitter struggle between church and state—a struggle that was to significantly alter Western history.

CHILDREN OF CRISIS: A STUDY OF COURAGE AND FEAR by Robert Coles. 401 pages. Atlantic-Little, Brown. \$8.50.

Since 1958, Robert Coles, a research psychiatrist at Harvard, has studied the reactions of both blacks and whites who were involved in the desegregation of Southern schools. His findings are compelling evidence of the psychological damage that can be caused by virulent racism. A small Negro girl, Coles notes, drew pictures of white people as larger and more lifelike than Negroes; when she drew Negroes, their bodies were disjointed. A white boy depicted Negroes as more animal than human. By the time they are three years old, Coles says, black children are already learning the values and fears of the color caste system. Yet Coles found that, in general, those Negro children who were thrust into the front ranks of the integration crises came through their experiences without serious emotional wounds. In fact, many seemed to gain strength from their awareness of the historical significance of their roles. Acts of courage by ordinary people were common. Coles could find no definite correlation between certain psychological types and civil rights activists. Rather, he feels that it was some interaction between person and situation that determined what form behavior took. What raises Coles's book far above the level of an interesting series of case studies is the warmth of tone, the freedom from specialist jargon and the understanding of differences. Although he is a strong supporter of civil rights, Coles also shows great respect for the traditions of the South.

THE CHINESE LOOKING GLASS by Dennis Bloodworth. 432 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$6.95.

Near the end of this remarkable guided tour of the Chinese mind, the author observes that Peking has become the proper subject "not of the political mathematician but of the sympathetic psychologist." As just the sort of observer he calls for, Bloodworth, who was the Far Eastern correspondent of the London Observer for twelve years, ranges deftly and wittily through Chinese history and literary legend to find the ideas that shape Communist behavior today: the ancient maxims for

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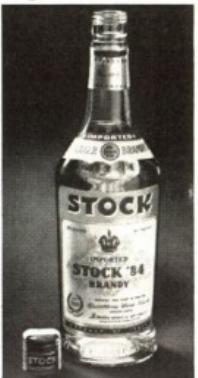
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guerrilla warfare expounded by the 4th century B.C. strategist Sun Wu ("Do not fight a static war, and do not besiege cities"); the Robin Hood-like legend of *Men of the Marshes*, dating from the 13th century, that justifies Mao's own role as the righteous bandit against the evil established order when he was waging civil war from the caves of Yenan. The puns and purposeful ambiguities of the Chinese language are explored, illuminating the Red Guards' raucous wall posters. China's hostility toward the outside world is as old as the Chinese sense of superiority. As a result, in China's foreign policy, the nation's pride is always in conflict with its innate pragmatism. It should be no surprise, Bloodworth says, that a Chinese Communist still feels closer to a Nationalist Chinese than to a foreign Communist. And sooner or later, Bloodworth suggests, Peking and Taiwan will reach some sort of accommodation, discovering that they have not been "really enemies but just bad friends."

THE PUZZLEHEADED GIRL: FOUR NOVELLAS by Christina Stead. 255 pages. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. \$6.95.

Until *The Man Who Loved Children* was republished to considerable acclaim in 1965, Australia's Christina Stead was relatively little known and appreciated in the U.S. The four novellas in *The Puzzleheaded Girl* should firmly establish her reputation as a writer who can make the familiar meaningful without gimmickry. It is not without some reason that her work has been compared to that of Nabokov and Isak Dinesen. Her essential theme in *The Puzzleheaded Girl* is rootlessness. Her characters are continually trying to flee themselves. Europeans come to America only to find that they and their new country are incompatible; Americans go to Europe and dream of coming home. Miss Stead also fences with the discontents and ambiguities of big-city life. In one story, an alcoholic who has buckled under urban pressure "longs for the simple rest of a child or a woman or a dog." Yet he knows that "a man wants more, much more." Wit, satire, views on social, moral and intellectual history—the author offers them with a refinement and subtlety that provide fresh insights into the daily experiences most people share.

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF JANE BOWLES. 431 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$6.95.

Another woman who was re-established as a significant writer this year is Jane Bowles (wife of Author-Composer Paul Bowles). In her *Collected Works*, the most prominent entry is *Two Serious Ladies*, which was first published in 1943 and highly praised before fading from public attention. It is a deceptively simple novel of two women trying to change their way of life. One, a sheltered spinster, seeks salvation by becoming a prostitute and does



JANE BOWLES
An art like Buster's.

manage to achieve a heightened sense of herself. The other woman sets off to find sin and excitement and discovers instead spiritual narcissism and boredom. Most Bowles characters seem to suffer from a total lack of motivation; they must be seen and interpreted solely in their relation to one another. The poker-faced prose is distinguished by a dry irony and deadpan humor that make Jane Bowles a kind of Buster Keaton of literature.

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION RECONSIDERED by Richard B. Morris. 178 pages. Harper & Row. \$5.

Columbia University's Richard Morris disputes the view of a good many historians that the American Revolution was merely a colonial struggle for independence. Morris sees the events of 1776-1783 as not only ending England's hegemony but also giving birth to a moral, social and intellectual revolution that is still continuing. "From its inception," Morris writes, "the American Revolution was pitched on a moral plane. The patriots were concerned not only about mankind's good opinion, but, as Tom Paine felicitously phrased it, believed it to be in their power 'to make a world happy.'" Morris sees the willingness of contemporary Americans to shoulder global responsibilities as an outgrowth of that revolutionary vision. The greatest lesson of the Revolution, he says, is a tolerance for change: "To that radically reshaped world in which we live, the message of the American Revolution is as relevant as its meaning is profound."

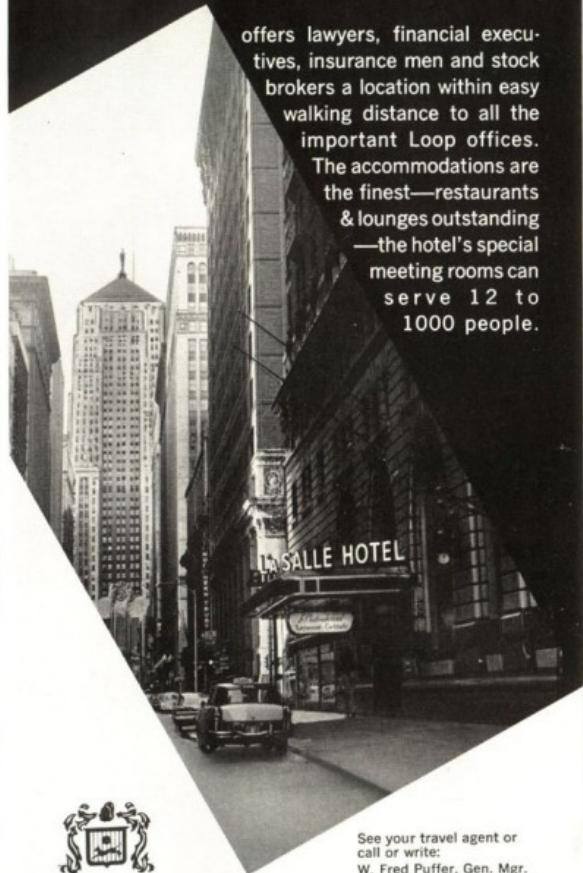
THE FALL OF JAPAN by William Craig. 368 pages. Dial. \$6.50.

With Nagasaki flattened by an A-bomb (code-named "Fat Man"), Emperor Hirohito gathered his ministers in an underground shelter and asked them to sue for peace. Such intervention by the Emperor was extraordinary,

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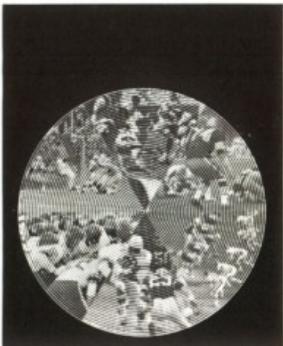


and, since Hirohito was believed to be divine, his request was also presumably a commandment from heaven. But his military advisers resisted surrender; a group of fanatic staff officers made a futile attempt to seize the palace and overthrow the government when they learned of Hirohito's decision. These and other chaotic events leading up to Imperial Japan's capitulation are arranged with precision in *The Fall of Japan*. Author Craig, a former Manhattan adman, unfolds the story in the you-are-here fashion of popular history. Yet his documentation and use of original sources reflect first-rate scholarship. Among other topics, Craig traces the origins of the kamikaze suicide squadrons, General Curtis LeMay's plans for a low-altitude fire-bomb attack on Tokyo, and the success of Japanese intelligence forces in learning the details of the U.S. plan to invade the home islands.

ON THE YARD by Malcolm Braly. 344 pages. Little, Brown, \$5.95.

In writing about convicts, as in writing about anything else, there are few substitutes for experience. Malcolm Braly did a stretch for armed robbery at San Quentin, and knows only too well that prison is the only world a convict has. Convicts either adapt to it or it destroys them. In *On the Yard*, this inescapable fact is driven home by the sadistic breaking of "Chilly Willy," a boss con who traffics in cigarettes and Benzedrine inhalers. Prison officials frame him in a homosexual plot, and he is shunted into the psychiatric ward. Though a swift, engrossing narrative in its own right, Braly's novel stands as a caustic indictment of the American penal system. From Dostoevsky to Genet, writers have used prison as an effective metaphor of the human condition. Braly strips away the literary conceits and makes life on the inside painfully real.

JOHN R. McDERMOTT



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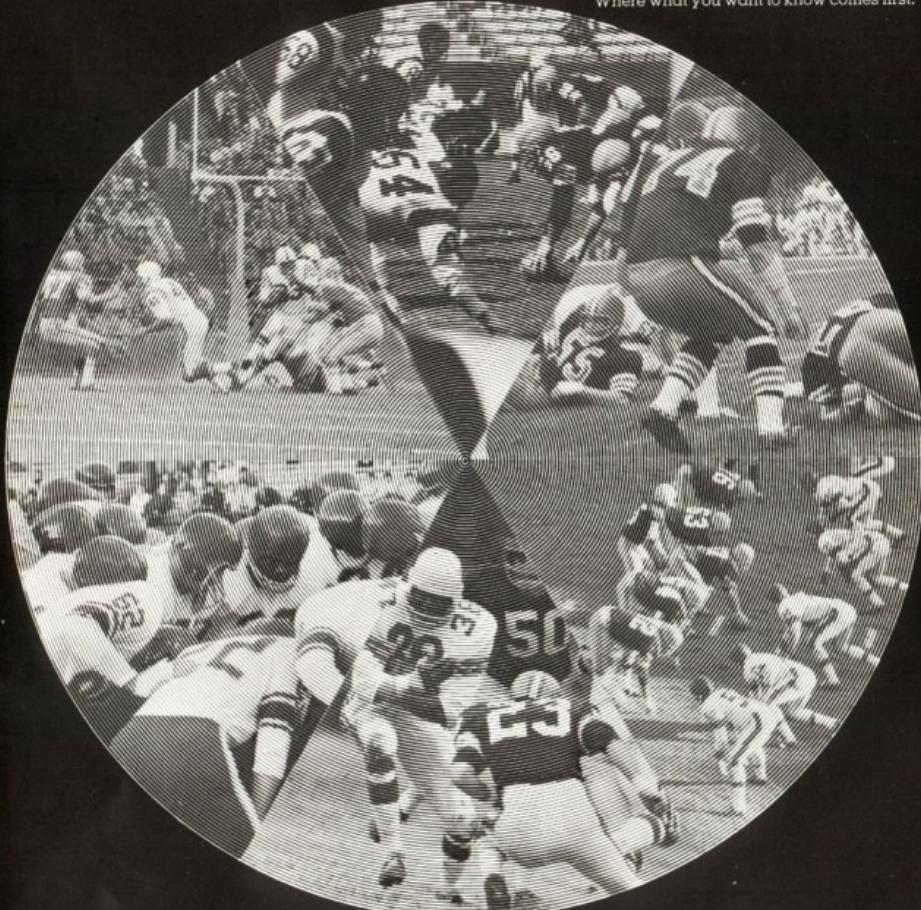
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THE APES by Vernon Reynolds. 296 pages. Dutton, \$10.

*The primatologist's a man
Who searches where mankind began;
The Congo's matted jungle trees
Are thick with eager Ph.D.s.
And here is one more sober study
Designed to prove the ape
man's buddy—
A hairy version of your brother
Your sister and your uncle's mother.
This Dr. Vernon Reynolds, he
Can prove the noble chimpanzee
Is very like to you and me;
He's sorry when he's done
some wrong,
Attempts to make some kind of song,
Rarely does what he is told,
Becomes arthritic when he's old,
Like man's, his sex life is a mess;
He may aspire to faithfulness
But rarely is he known to snub
A lady member of the club.
The trouble is, this information
Is all from jungle observation.
When Reynolds wants a closer view
He's forced to study in a zoo,
And there like men, the apes in cages
Are prone to sulks and lethal rages,
Turn homo and refuse to play
With any girl who comes their way,
Lose all desire to drink or dance,
Fall in a catatonic trance.
So Dr. Reynolds urges that
Man should provide a habitat
For his poor hairy dumb relations.
A sort of ape's United Nations.
The state of Florida might serve
As one great simian preserve,
Where the whole tribe would
perhaps thrive.
Or just contrive to stay alive,
And in this tax-free paradise
Who knows, the ape might
learn to rise
Higher on Darwin's family tree
And join in man's society.
Then some gifted gibbon may
Be able in his apish way
To peer at Cape Canaveral
And write a new Decline and Fall.*

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